September 1986

$1.50

Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

THE TOWER OF BABEL:

The American Nation in an International World

Samuel Francis and Thomas Reeves on the McCarthy Legacy

Inga Karetnikova and Igor Golomstock on Big Brother's Portraits

Arnold Beichman • John Lukacs

09
73361 64629 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get Smart

Despite the best intentions, the following bad advice is always circulated around election time: "If you do nothing else, at least vote."

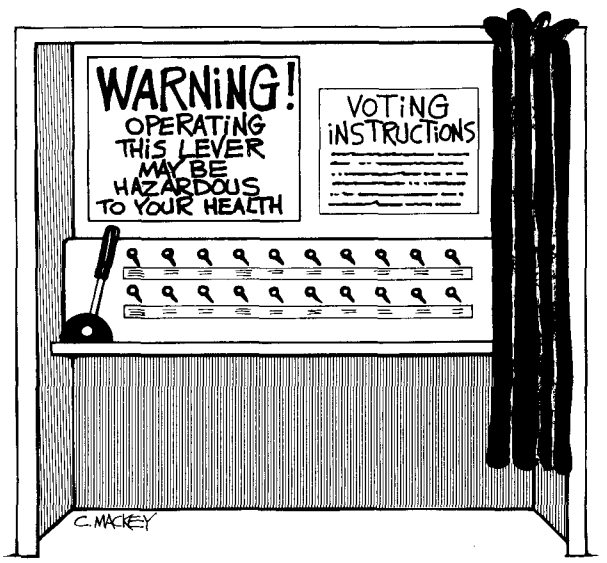
The problem with this advice is that too many people take it literally—they do nothing else, then they vote. That is, they don't study the issues or the candidates, nor do they consider the long-term and indirect consequences of a particular proposal. The vote is not, in itself, a magic wand that brings only blessings. Used irresponsibly, it can do more harm than good.

Virtually every major dilemma we have faced recently—inflation, massive unemployment, prohibitively high interest rates, and on and on—can be traced to legislation (and legislators) of the recent past which was enthusiastically supported by voters.

Many, if not all, of these problems could have been avoided if we had adequately addressed the following questions **before** voting.

- **What will this program add to my tax burden?** All government programs have a price tag which you, the taxpayer, must pay.
- **Does this proposal ask the government to do something which would be illegal or immoral for me to do personally?** As an individual, you may not steal another's money or property. Is it moral for groups of individuals, as a government, to do so?
- **Does this legislation help some people at the expense of others?** Our attention is usually focused only on those we wish to help. Too often we unintentionally victimize others in the process.
- **What are the long-term consequences of this proposal?** Today's soothing drug can easily become tomorrow's nightmarish addiction.

Admittedly, it is not always possible to fully answer these questions. And honest men will differ as to what the answers mean. But unless these issues are at least addressed, we vote as if blindfolded. And a vote cast in ignorance is worse than no vote at all.

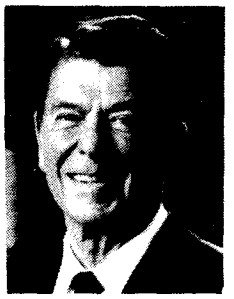


1844
HILLSDALE COLLEGE
For a set of 36 of these short, informative essays, send $10.00 to "Alternatives", Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan 49242

©HILLSDALE COLLEGE, HILLSDALE MICHIGAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Should Human Events Be Your Source of News from our Nation's Capital?



President Ronald Reagan:

"...I became a *Human Events* reader years ago, and I continue to regard it as essential reading. *H.E.* contains aggressive reporting, superb analysis and one of the finest collections of conservative columnists to be found.... I share and applaud its commitment to limited government, a strong national defense, the free market and traditional values."

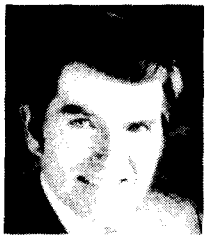
Phyllis Schlafly:

President, Eagle Forum

"...*Human Events* is always a beacon of reliability and optimism."

Senator Jesse Helms:

"...For four decades it has been a unique symbol of truth and courage and integrity in a nation that has often bordered on discarding its fundamental principles."



Tim LaHaye:

President of the Moral Majority of California and head of Family Life Seminars

"I have read *Human Events* for over 25 years and find it the best weekly source of sane conservative Americanism in the country."

Human Events: Essential Reading for the Well-Informed

Human Events — *The National Conservative Weekly* C-2

422 First Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003

Special Offer for New Subscribers Only!

When you subscribe to *Human Events*, the National Conservative Weekly, at the special low price of $19.75 for a full year, we'll give you four free issues for a total of 56 issues — a $42 value. And, if you are not delighted with *Human Events*, you can cancel your subscription at any time during your first four weeks and receive a *full refund* of your subscription price.

☐ YES, it's time I started reading *Human Events* too! Enclosed is my check for $19.75 for a full year of *Human Events* plus four free issues (56 issues — a savings of $22.25 off the cover price).

☐ I want to try an introductory subscription for 23 weeks for $9.95. I have enclosed payment.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY / STATE / ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 10, No. 9, September 1986

THE TOWER OF BABEL

A Publication of
The Rockford Institute:
Allan C. Carlson, President

Editor
Thomas Fleming

Associate Editor
Bryce Christensen

Copy Editor
Cynthia Calvert

Poetry Editor
Andrei Navrozov

Contributing Editors
Ronald Berman
Harold O.J. Brown
Odie Faulk
David Kaufman
E. Christian Kopff
John Shelton Reed
Joseph Schwartz

Editorial Secretary
LeAnn Manning

Publisher
Richard A. Vaughan

Art Director
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

Composition Manager
Anita Fedora

Circulation Director
Theresa Lillibridge

On the Cover

Illustration on the cover by Eric R. von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, throughout the text: Krystyna M. Jachniewicz

CHRONICLES (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $18 per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Second-class postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to CHRONICLES, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103. Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054 Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5811 Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, OH 44870.

Copyright © 1986 by The Rockford Institute. All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

Cultural democracy in action at Cannes, on campus, and in the Department of Education. 6

PERSPECTIVE

Short Views 10

An editorial Mr. Smith goes to Washington and comes back an hysterical nativist.

by Thomas Fleming

VIEWS

Modern Conservatism and the Burden of Joe McCarthy 12

The closets of conservative journals are stuffed with the skeletons of McCarthy's victims.

by Thomas C. Reeves

The Evil That Men Don't Do: Joe McCarthy and the American Right 16

Interred with his bones are all of Joe McCarthy's good deeds; only the evils that his enemies do live after him.

by Samuel T. Francis

And the Kindly KGB Handed Out Hot Soup 21

Alan Cranston and Tom Wicker turn sour on the Soviets, Gorbachev repents, and if you believe this, you should be reading *The Nation*.

by Arnold Beichman

OPINIONS

The War Against the West 26

—*The Expansion of International Society*, edited by Hedley Bull and Adam Watson
—*The Lawful Rights of Mankind: An Introduction to the International Code of Human Rights* by Paul Sieghart

Architects of the New World Order are stealing their bricks and mortar from the foundations of Western civilization.

by Lee Congdon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Tocqueville 29

—*Alexis de Tocqueville: Selected Letters on Politics and Society*, edited by Roger Boesche

Easy editing makes for hard reading.

by John Lukacs

Germania Tremens 30

—*Germany Today* by Walter Laqueur
—*On Writing and Politics, 1967-1983* by Günter Grass

Günter Grass and his friends dig the grave for the Bonn Republic.

by Arthur M. Eckstein

Rendering Unto Caesar 34

—*Theologians Under Hitler* by Robert P. Ericksen

National Socialism (like International Socialism) had its own set of Christian apologists.

by Daniel J. O'Neil

VITAL SIGNS

SCREEN

Ground Zero, 1950 by Kate Dalton 40

ART

Big Brother Sits for a Portrait by Inga Karetnikova and Igor Golomstock 41

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Poland by James H. Bowden 45

Letter From the Heartland by Jane Greer 46

Letter From New York by Stephen Kogan 49

Letter From the Lower Right by John Shelton Reed

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Conspiracies Against the Nation' by Sean Robert Gerety 50

The Editor Replies 51
On 'Naming the Bard' by F.W. Brownlow
Ms. Greer Replies

BOOKSHELVES

Epigones of the Lost Generation: Carl C. Curtis on *After the Lost Generation* 36

From Jeb and Abigail: E.Christian Kopff on *Manuscripts: The First Twenty Years*

Going Back to Charleston: *Intellectual Life in Antebellum Charleston* 37

Journalists and Other Turncoats: John Romjue on *With the Enemy: The Story of PFC Robert Garwood*

Telling Stories Out of School: Brian Murray on *P.E.N. New Fiction I* 38

The Mafioso: Christopher Muldor on *Organized Crime*

The Celts of the West: Andrew Shaughnessy on *The Lords of the Isles: The Clan Donald and the Early Kingdom of the Scots* 39

DEPARTMENTS

REVISIONS

My America, My New-Found-Land: *The Magnificent Ambersons; The Grandmothers* 33

Stamped With the Image of the King: *The Quest for Merlin; Perceval or The Story of the Grail* 47

A Private Publicist: *Public Philosopher: Selected Letters of Walter Lippmann* 48

READERS SURVEY 8

BOOKS IN BRIEF 35

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Cannes festival, the largest and most prestigious film showcase, has generally favored less commercial, more artistic films often with a leftist political message—the choice of filmmakers rather than moviegoers." This is the voice of the *New York Times*, friends and readers, not that of *Chronicles*. And the *New York Times*—like *il Duce—ha sempre ragione*. She is always right. This year, however, was different. The festival was more commercial than ever. Almost 14,500 participants saw more than 600 movies. The city was overrun with American businessmen vying with top dollar for hot films. The advertising was sensational. You couldn't walk into the Carlton Hotel without being overwhelmed by an enormous James Bond ad encircling the entrance.

Not that all the old traditions were gone. West Germany's Barbara Sukowa got the Best Actress award for playing Rosa Luxemburg, the Marxist heroine killed in the Sparticist Revolt of 1919, while Michel Blanc was declared Best Actor for playing a homosexual in a French sex farce. But even they had to share their awards with other performers.

While Rosa Luxemburg had to share her award, movies that concentrated on themes of a spiritual, even of a religious nature, did not. Few films garner more than one award at Cannes, but this year two films went double dipping. The top prize, the Golden Palm, along with the prize for Best Technical Direction, went to Roland Joffe's *The Mission*, starring Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. With a price tag of $26 million, it cost big bucks by Cannes standards. More strikingly, it concerned two priests who are ordered to abandon their mission among the Indians of South America and refuse to do so. It is clearly aimed at commercial success, and it takes religion seriously.

Second place, the Special Jury Grand Prize, went to Andrei Tarkovsky's *The Sacrifice*, a slow-paced Swedish film, made by a dying Russian director, about the search for spiritual meaning in a crazy world. The award for Best Artistic Contribution also went to Tarkovsky. Third place, the Jury Prize, went to Alain Cavalier's *Thérèse*, about St. Theresa.

This year's Cannes film festival was both more crassly commercial and more explicitly religious than in the past. One of the great fears of the Bourgeois Age was the destruction of standards by the inrush of the Great Vulgar. Suppose now the high tide of democratization were to mean, for art at any rate, the uniting of standards, money, and religion, *res olim dissociabiles*, to use Tacitus' words. The money a few clever Englishmen made off of *Chariots of Fire* does not seem to have attracted the attention of our greedy Hollywood moguls. Maybe this year's fortnight at Cannes will do the trick. (ECK)

Democracy stifles the arts—the saga continues. According to the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, state legislators across the country are diverting tax monies away from the arts, humanities, and social sciences and into the "hard" sciences and engineering and business programs. "There's no doubt about it," says Larry L. Leslie, director of the University of Arizona's Center for the Study of Higher Education. "If it doesn't have to do with engineering or the sciences, it's going to be difficult for people to get new state funds." Nevada has just enacted a new funding formula that takes money away from English, history, and art departments and gives it to science and engineering faculty. The Texas Faculty Association has lodged an official complaint about all the recruitment money flowing into science and engineering faculties and away from the liberal arts. Observers in Maryland and Massachusetts report similar trends in their states.

Before adding to all the professorial handwringing over statehouse philistines, we might ask: Just what benefit *do* average taxpayers currently receive from college programs in the arts, humanities, and social sciences?

Anyone who has leafed through any publications of the Modern Language Association knows what the *liberal* in "liberal arts" has come to mean. Carolyn Heilbrun devoted her 1984 MLA Presidential Address to a not-so-covert affirmation of literary lesbianism. Things are no better in the dramatic and visual arts, where academic painters and sculptors teach captive students to exhibit their hatred for America in paint and marble. Jacques Barzun argued recently in *Harper's* that America spends way too much money subsidizing artists who lack both talent and message. Some of the worst of our artists-as-public-functionaries now staff the universities.

Like their literary and artistic colleagues, most social scientists nurse an ideological gripe against the society that pays them. Pollster Everett Ladd of the Roper Center recently reported that a survey of social science professors finds them well to the left of most Americans, and well to the left of their colleagues teaching engineering or business. Similarly, at a conference sponsored last year by The Rockford Institute's Center on Religion & Society, University of California sociologist Jay Mechling observed that most undergraduates with a professed commitment to Christianity are "not people going into history or English; they are people who are going to become engineers."

Does this mean that the American professoriat in the arts, humanities, and social sciences has been turned into alienated leftists by doing honest scholarship? Hardly. Many of this century's brightest minds in the literary and creative arts—T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Allen Tate, Eugéne Ionesco, Ezra Pound, and Jorge Luis Borges, to name but a few—have been political conservatives, even reactionaries. Even among sociologists, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luminaries—Pitirim Sorokin, Émile Durkheim, Max Weber, and George Homens—were hardly leftists. But don't look for Eliot or Sorokin in the English or sociology departments of today's American campuses. With some honorable and courageous exceptions, these departments are filled with excellence-haters who would have trouble selling shoes if they ever got off the dole. No wonder they hate capitalism. Faced with the prospect of being educated by such a dismal crew, Eliot might well have opted for computer science and Sorokin for business management.

Global Education is the latest fad among educationists. It might have passed into the general curriculum without fanfare if it were not for the vigilance of Tom Tancredo. Tancredo is the Coloradoan who is Education Secretary William Bennett's Regional Representative in the Rocky Mountains (U.S. Region VIII). A few years ago he outraged all right-thinking men by suggesting that America's Christian majority should have their point of view represented in the public schools. Now he has authorized an assistant, Gregg L. Cunningham, to investigate Global Education, the new name for World History. Cunningham analyzed various publications put out by the Center for Teaching International Relations (CTIR) in Denver. CTIR conducts teacher workshops and summer institutes, publishes curricula, and offers consulting services to public school districts. It even offers graduate degree programs in connection with the University of Denver. About 500 teachers a year, on the average, have completed its programs over the past decade.

Cunningham was looking for trends and significant statements. He never pretended that all the CTIR's publications were the same, that good teachers could not use other, balancing publications and curricula, or that all Global Education institutes are the same.

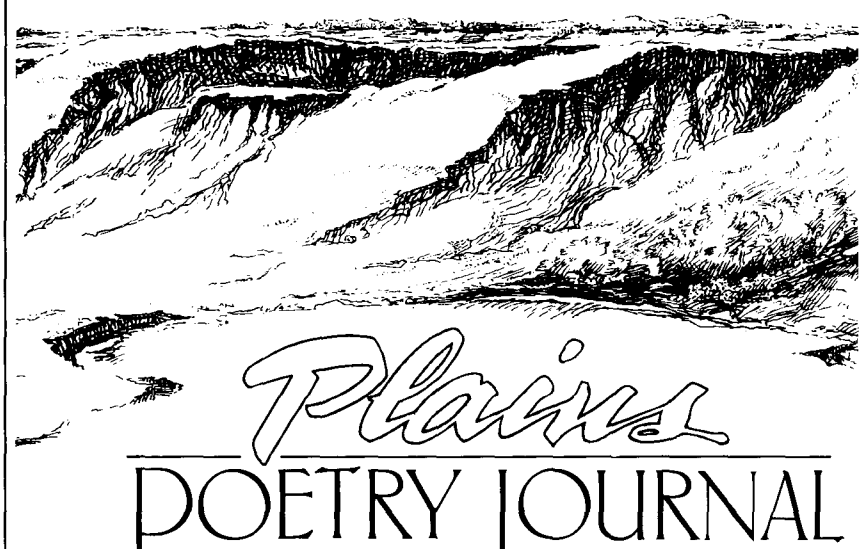
What he did find, however, was noteworthy. The publications exhibit a one-world bias, tend to emphasize the moral equivalence of the U.S. and the Soviet Union, and promote cultural and moral relativism. This is most explicit in CTIR's *World Citizen Curriculum, Teacher Resource Guide,* which informs us that "to resist the new world order is to miseducate"; asks "Is any one person or culture 'right' or 'wrong'?"; and places the KGB and CIA on the same level.

Of course, the students do not get to see the teacher's guide. They are asked, however, in other curricula to "think of the U.S. and USSR as rival street gangs." This comes from CTIR's *Teaching About Conflict, Nuclear Conflict and the Future,* which also explains that "students don't need to understand the global political situation or the details of the arms races." They should, however, "give up blaming" and "find a Russian and get to know her or him." (There is no hint that we might want to learn Russian to do this. And why bother? The Soviet educational system teaches foreign languages.)

The teacher's guide for this curriculum suggests that, to impress on the President the enormity of his actions in the event of nuclear retaliation, we put the U.S. missile firing code in the chest cavity of an aide. In order to use our nuclear defense, the President must kill the aide with a butcher knife and dig the code out of his chest. (It's too bad David Stockman isn't still a Presidential aide.)

The curriculum guides often aim not at giving students facts with which to make their own decisions, but at changing values. The CTIR's *Teaching About U.S. History* urges projects in which the children criticize their parents' values and imagine alternative life-styles. This includes discussing "issues" and "values" where the kids disagree with their parents; writing essays about Mom and Dad's "faults" and "problems"; passing judgment on the size of their families; and answering questions on the cost of the family home, the number of cars, etc.

There is an entire publication on death education. It not only encourages the students to brood upon their own death, including reading suicide notes, but laments our culture's refusal to "encourage visits" from the "spirits of the dead" as an "open and joyous"



Plains Poetry Journal is like North Dakota: a well-kept secret. Traditional poetic conventions forged into vigorous, compelling new poetry. We're what you despaired of finding! Sample for $3.50; heartening manifesto for SASE. **Plains Poetry Journal, P.O. Box 2337, Bismarck, ND 58502.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience. They are even encouraged to build altars to their ancestors and make "altar offerings" on them. (Cunningham has the cultural insensitivity to describe these activities as "bizarre.")

The Department responded to the blowup which followed the publication of the report by telling its Denver office to release it only to those who requested it. John K. Andrews' Independence Institute got hold of it and sent out copies to its mailing list, with a list of recommendations. The recommendations, which are in themselves good, all accept the beneficial aspects of an improved Global Education program. We have our own suggestions—as opposed to utopian notions that *might* work in a perfect world. On the contrary, our suggestions reflect current educational practice in countries like Germany and Japan, which are killing us in world markets (U.S. businessmen, take note) and which used to exist in the U.S. just a generation ago.

First and foremost, TEACH FOREIGN LANGUAGES, kindergarten through 12th grade. No one should be allowed to get past the sixth grade without one foreign language, out of junior high and high school without two more. If we want to encourage breadth, we should make a rule that one language must be modern, one ancient, and one non-Indo-European. The advantages of intensive foreign language training are obvious. Children can learn to make up their own minds about other countries by reading and visiting. They will not be dependent on ridiculous "curricula" which are as full of cultural bias as a newspaper. Naturally, there will have to be a similar rule for the teachers, K-12, of all language arts, social studies, geography, and other humanities and social studies courses. This would be a step towards making teaching one of the toughest and most challenging professions in our country and attracting people who want a tough and challenging profession.

Not only will these reforms introduce students to real countries with real literatures and cultures instead of abstractions out of a textbook, it will also teach them to think and to write. Translation from or into a foreign tongue is the best way to force the mind to think about what you are really saying.

It will also toll the death knell of bilingual education. As long as Americans know only one language, it may seem unfair to make the Chicano learn more than one. If we are all learning three or more, that excuse will vanish.

This is a reform that has worked in the past. (Check out what the British upper class was studying when it dominated half the world: Greek, Latin, and French.) It will improve the intel-

Readers Survey

About 10 percent of our subscribers filled out and sent in the very unscientific survey we included in the March issue. Several readers and at least one editor of another magazine remarked that we were taking a big risk: this sort of survey was a Pandora's box, and we were going to read a great many things we would rather not hear. The results are in, and we believe we have every reason to gloat. Overall, 89 percent of the readers who responded rated the magazine as excellent or good (63 percent thought it excellent). In general, there was a correlation between length of subscription and approval of the magazine, although in some cases the most enthusiastic endorsements came from new subscribers, who said the first issue came as a revelation. Eighty-five percent said they had read every issue, and 71 percent insisted they read almost everything in each one.

The greatest enthusiasm was manifested for editorials, essays, and longer reviews—all were rated good or excellent by 93 percent. The least interest was generated by our coverage of the arts (only 81 percent thought it good to excellent) and the inside illustrations (62 percent). On the other hand, the covers were highly rated by 77 percent—appallingly low when you consider the superb series of covers we've been running for nearly a year, but many subscribers did note the improvement. Several, however, were shocked enough by some *Chronicles* art that they wrote in messages: "Disgusting," "frightening," "all those rats chewing out throats in alleyways." You can't please everyone. We have made some effort at diversifying our graphics and at toning down some of the horror; it might be noted, however, that many new subscribers are attracted first of all by the art and have singled out for particular praise the grotesque fantasies of Zbigniew Fitz and several covers of our new art director, Anna Wodecki.

In our coverage of the arts, many readers quite correctly noted a weakness in film reviews. We would like to hear from them if recent reviews by Chris Kopff, Samuel Karnick, and Kate Dalton are more to their taste.

In addition to our arts coverage, many readers were less than perfectly pleased with Typefaces, although they did express a desire for more discussion of the press. They also wanted more about religion and less on politics and economics. (I didn't think it was possible to talk less about economics!) Of the sections of the magazine, Correspondence was the lowest rated (only 39 percent said they were very interested), and yet the contributor most often singled out for special praise was the backwoods sociologist from the Research Triangle, John Shelton Reed. To listen to some readers, they practically skip the rest of the magazine and go straight to Professor Reed's musings on the Redneck Way of Knowledge. Still a newcomer when the survey was published, Jane Greer was frequently mentioned as a good reason for reading *Chronicles*.

In reading over the remarks, a number of conflicts between the readers seemed to emerge. While many wanted more religion, a few were irritated by our "obsession" with the subject. Many fairly new subscribers praised *Chronicles* for its freedom from cant and ideology

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lectual quality of our schools and make us more competitive as a nation, economically, culturally, and politically. (ECK)

"Censorship a big loser" in Maine—or so the headlines went after a proposed obscenity law went down to defeat in a statewide referendum. The law—which specified penalties of up to five years in prison and fines of up to $10,000 for anyone who chose "to make, sell, give for value or otherwise promote obscene material in Maine"—was voted down by more than a two-to-one margin in what UPI described as "heavy voter turnout." The American Civil Liberties Union called it "one of the most resounding defeats for censorship in American history."

A closer look indicates that many voters in Maine were not so much opposed to censorship as dissatisfied with this particular law. According to Bob Burton Brown, a professor of education in Jonesport, Maine, many conservatives felt they could not support the law because its wording was "vague" and "imprecise" and because it provided no definitions of key terms. Some people shared novelist Stephen King's concern that the language could be interpreted to cover works of modern fiction (Nabokov and Joyce might be in trouble). Others worried that the law failed to distinguish between literature sold to adults and that sold to children. The proposed law had already been voted down by "an essentially conservative state legislature" because it was so "fundamentally flawed." Brown, who was present in the state legislative chambers during debate over the measure, characterized the chief sponsor as "a good man" but not an astute legislator: his emotional appeals against pornography reminded listeners of "Old Uncle Harry" from down on the farm. The intentions were virtuous, the law unwise.

It is not entirely clear that a state (much less a Federal) law on censorship would even be a good idea. Community attitudes and requirements vary a great deal from town to town, county to county—even in a small state like Maine. Modern history seems to suggest that the growth of government power is almost never a good idea, *especially* when the purpose is laudable. At the local level, ordinances usually have *some* reference to community sentiment, but at the state and national levels this is decreasingly true. The first object of an anticensorship crusade should be the elimination of the role of the Federal courts which continue to confuse the issue with their cant about First Amendment rights. Since government is itself the source of the problem, it is probably a mistake to think that by invoking its power we can arrive at a solution.

(they also urged us to purify our pages from the lingering traces—"Leave that stuff to *Mother Jones* and *The Nation*"), but some older subscribers thought we were going soft. A fair number seemed to realize that while *Chronicles* has a definite set of principles that amount to an editorial position, we are still open to a variety of points of view. Achilles hated a lie like the gates of hell, and we feel the same way about every variety of political posturing.

Several specific articles were repeatedly singled out for approval: Clyde Wilson's review of John Lukacs (both gentlemen seem to have their followers), Arthur Eckstein's "Sympathy for the Devil" (several complained about the title—they missed the Rolling Stones allusion), Robert Nisbet's Ingersoll Prize essay, "anything by Russell Kirk," Andrei Navrozov's "Bianca and the Commissar," and Professor Kopff's essay on Vietnam films. Of the Perspectives, the more political pieces (e.g., on the sanctuary movement and on American radicals) were better appreciated than essays on literary criticism and victims compensation. "Stuck-up," "arrogant," and "ignoramus" were some of the gentler terms applied by the disgruntled, and several readers commented on the editor's habit of equivocation. (Those are particularly treasured and will be introduced some day as evidence for the defense.) Another wrote in an entire letter to declare that *Chronicles* had no future because its editor lacked a flamboyant personality and did not even have a gift for snappy phrases. He was even kind enough to supply a list culled from his favorite celebrity editors. He had the incense ready, but the shrine was empty. Overall, however, 97 percent said they were very or somewhat interested in the Perspectives, for which the editor is, believe me, suitably grateful.

I'm not sure we'll ever do this again, although we received a great deal of insight and not a few very sensible suggestions. Several asked for a more ordinary letters column—which we are planning, but we need to receive more (and more serious) letters. Perhaps the most curious phenomenon was the maverick streak. *Chronicles* readers must have done poorly in kindergarten, because even as adults they won't stay within the lines. They wrote on the back, folded/stapled/ and mutilated the form, combined sections, and wrote in their own categories. More than a few put in a box something like "Just conservative enough" and checked it. I hope none of them is working for the government.

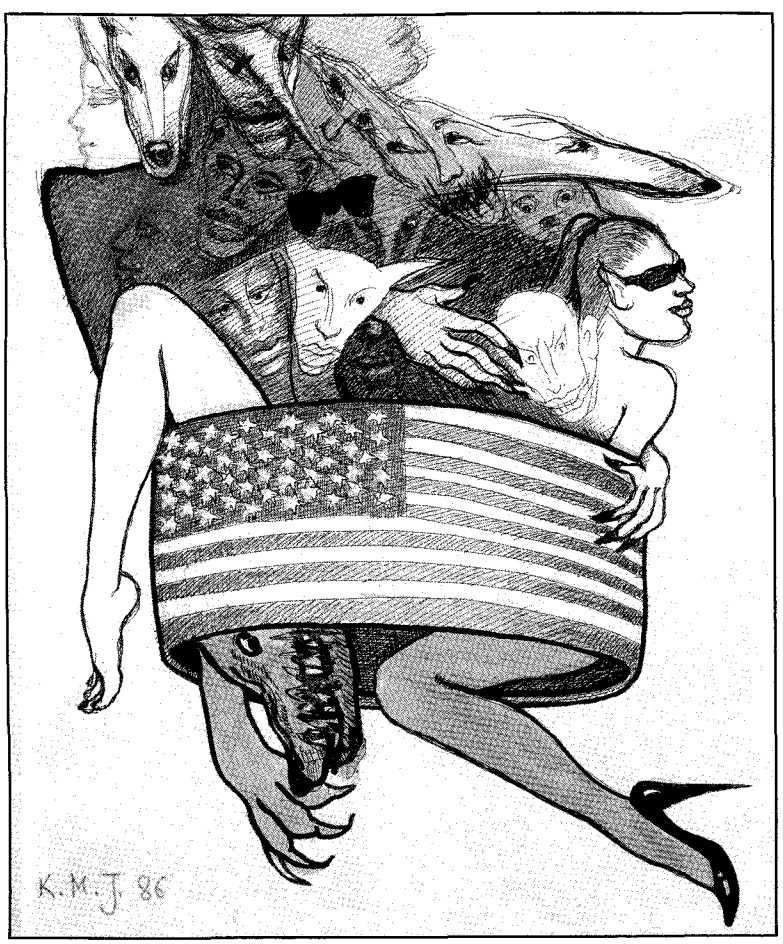
We also realized, somewhat to our sorrow, that *Chronicles* is in fact serving two quite different audiences: our loyal old subscribers tend to be conservative, religious, and less interested in popular culture or, for that matter, music, poetry, and the drama, than in social and ethical issues. Newer readers, however, resent any attempt to dictate a political line and are most interested in articles that range across the length and breadth of American culture. The best result of the survey has been to confirm our resolve. We realize that there is still a saving remnant, to use Albert Jay Nock's biblical language, still a readership interested in the fate of Mr. Eliot's "permanent things." It appears to be a larger number than we had dared to hope and far more exuberant than we imagined.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHORT VIEWS *by Thomas Fleming*

Some people love to go to Washington. The sight of so much power and wealth is exhilarating, especially for young conservative writers who discover that their names are recognized on the Hill. For many, however, the reaction is just the reverse. Within a few hours they are mulling over certain scriptural passages in Eliot—"Oh my people! . . . " they are tempted to exclaim. The worst part of the Washington experience is the nativist feelings it triggers in ordinarily tolerant Middle Americans.

Flying from O'Hare to National is always a jolt. In less than two hours you've gone from the USA to the Third World. Even the American faces look foreign—subtle, sleek, and vaguely sinister. If you are lucky, the cab driver is a Jamaican who speaks a kind of English. Otherwise, he may be an Ethiopian who wants to take you to his cousin's restaurant. He overcharges outrageously, but there's something about the look in his eye that discourages a quarrel. For the next several days you will be treated to Mexican waiters who don't speak English, Pakistani drugstore clerks who don't speak English, congressmen and bureaucrats who speak no dialect known to linguistic science. By the end of the trip you may be shocked to find yourself muttering nativist remarks that would have sent your mother into paroxysms of indignation. But after a few days back in the safety of Tennessee or Montana, the air pollution is washed off and you're ready to try an Indian restaurant or listen to reggae.



Actually, I've never been able to endure reggae, and I'm even beginning to lose patience with foreign food. How can a man remain a patriotic American, I ask my wife bending over the steaming wok, if his digestion is unsettled by a culinary World War III? Dim Sung for Monday lunch, followed by Saltimbocca for dinner; on Tuesday it's pork *carnitas* with red pepper and lime juice, refried beans, and Mexico's best German beer—Bohemian; on Wednesday we eat Indian—a vitriolic barbecued chicken, a yogurt, cucumber, and raw onion *raita* washed down with Chinese beer (it's the closest thing drinkable, geographically) and Pepto Bismol. By the end of the week you don't know who you are.

I took one nativist acquaintance to a superb Greek restaurant in Chicago, and he professed to be ill for 24 hours—probably an inner-ear problem: he'd lost his sense of balance. If you want to meet a *real* nativist, talk to almost any black resident of Washington. Since they are in direct competition with the newcomers for low-paying jobs (whose wages are kept low by the constant influx), their resentment is easy to understand. One young lady, a bureaucrat, told me she always tried to block grants to "non-Americans," by which she meant immigrants: Weren't there enough Americans looking for Federal money? If Washington weren't our capital, I suppose, the shock would be less. Part of the charm of New York and San Francisco lies in the riot of polyglot cultures elbowing each other on the street.

All of these shameful reflections are obviously part of a Washington hangover, but in a larger sense, some of us must be getting tired of hearing how our lives are being enriched culturally by the current influx of immigrants. America is a nation of immigrants, we are told *ad nauseam* by Lee Iacocca, who will recite Emma Lazarus' repellently socialist verses at the drop of a hat: "Give me your tired, etc." Somebody out there obviously finds the hoopla funny, or at least they think our children will: The Cabbage Patch Kids includes an "Alice Island," holding a sack of money in one hand, a bag of garbage in the other. By now, perhaps, we could do without much more "huddled masses." By now we might be more in the market for talented engineers, brilliant artists, and the courageous and competitive spirits

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who cannot endure the mediocrity of socialist life. As for the "wretched refuse of your teeming shore," I'm not sure if that can be read as anything but an insult. Besides, "masses" is a dubiously Marxist term that usually refers to the urban proletariat—hardly an appropriate term for land-hungry peasants from Sweden, Italy, and Ireland. How the Statue of Liberty got defaced with egalitarian graffiti is another story, but bad verse and worse politics cannot mar this tribute to the American spirit.

Before "nativist" is added to the other epithets usually pinned to my name (sexist, rightist, social Darwinist, religious fanatic), let me say in my own defense that I have devoted the better part of my adolescent and adult life to studying foreign cultures and made some effort to learn the languages of Greece, Rome, India, Yugoslavia, France, and Germany. In addition, let me point out my own typically American credentials. One branch of my family were Highland Scots who came to North Carolina in the 18th century; other branches—Scots, Norwegians, and Irish—drifted in 100 years later, while still another didn't arrive until after WWI. So, the sons of Garibaldi, Knights of Columbus, and the Vasa Society can spare me their recriminations. Despite the contaminating presence of old WASP blood, I can still claim the aristocrat lineage of Ellis Island.

Leopold Tyrmand used to say that we were two immigrant countries—Plymouth Rock America and Ellis Island America—and that the second could only exist if the former were secure. The peculiar virtues of the older settlers—self-reliance, moral courage, and industry—have made it possible to incorporate vast numbers of newcomers into a thriving economic and political system. Of course, that old America is not Plymouth Rock but Jamestown, where Captain John Smith demonstrated once and for all the advantages of free enterprise over the welfare state. In the bold and restless Smith we can already see the American character emerging. For 300 years it has been developing and growing like a snowball rolling downhill.

Each immigrant group has, to one extent or another, made a contribution—but not equally or uniformly. Some, like the Dutch and Germans, were so compatible with the older stock that much of their culture was picked up and assimilated. A great deal of what we think of as *American* cooking—hot dogs, potato salad, coleslaw—is really German. Other less-compatible ethnic groups seem to be sucked into the main currents of American life without bringing much more with them than exotic restaurants.

The point is, there is an American cultural history, rich in local and ethnic diversity but at the same time identifiable in national terms. By the 1920's we had found a distinctive voice in journalists like Henry Mencken and Albert Jay Nock; novelists like Booth Tarkington, Glenway Wescott, and Ernest Hemingway; poets like Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, and Hart Crane; an architect like Frank Lloyd Wright; a composer like Gershwin. Some of the most impressive artists and writers were first-generation: Henry Roth, author of the still-admired *Call It Sleep*; and the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the son of poor French and Irish immigrants, who rose to the very pinnacle of American cultural and social life—the true American story. America has been, almost uniquely, a place where a Saint-Gaudens or a Podhoretz could "make it," if he were sufficiently talented, and it ought to strike anyone—then and now—as absurd to claim that Americans have been so culturally malnourished that we are lying around starving (like the wastrels at Jamestown) for the food that only immigrants can bring us. After testing Ethiopian cuisine, I'll stick to peanut butter sandwiches if I have to.

As Wilfrid McClay pointed out in a recent number of the *American Scholar* (and Clyde Wilson in *Chronicles*), the influx of talented fugitives from the Third Reich nipped the native growth of our civilization perhaps not in the bud but in flower. Up till then our civilization had been growing, self-confident, a mixture of old stock like Henry Adams and the new, like Adams' friend Saint-Gaudens. Some of our productions were hollow, pretentious, and provincial, but John Philip Sousa and Scott Joplin were ours in a way that practically no composers since have been. To some extent it was Bauhaus architects and Frankfurt School philosophers who taught us to despise our own civilization and worship at the feet of guess-which-talented immigrants.

Without wishing to encourage any America Firster sentiments, I do think it is long since time for us Americans to quit groveling before the nations of the world. There is much that could be better in this country, but nothing that a few terrorist attacks on Broadway, Madison Avenue, and Hollywood couldn't cure. Americans have become addicted to worrying about the neighbors. In the good old days, we applauded *Our American Cousin* for laying into British pretensions, and in the 20's our best novelist (Tarkington) celebrated the virtues of *The Plutocrat* against all critics—domestic and foreign.

But after WWII, we seemed to assume responsibility for the entire world. It was not enough to defend American interests, watch American movies, eat American food. We had to become internationalists. What began as a noble dream exemplified by the United Nations and International PEN Conferences turned out to be more like General Foods International Coffees: desiccated, artificial, and sweet. The more we attempted to ape French fiction, the more tenuous became our grasp of American things—without, by the way, arousing much interest among the nativist French who had been so happy to strike a deal with Hitler.

The strangest symptom of the internationalist itch erupted recently in a rash of celebrity fund-raising events: LiveAid, SportAid, Sun City; the Soviet Union even had its own NukeAid for the Chernobyl victims. What rock musicians have to tell us about foreign policy—much less charity—it is hard to imagine, but at the drop of a hat, Bob Dylan or "Little Steven" Van Zandt (or little Stevie Wonder, for that matter) will arrange an event for you, complete with live satellite coverage, Woodstock rhetoric, and monotonous theme song.

> We are the world
> We are the children.

Even otherwise cynical musicians get roped in. Rumors have it that Lou Reed is rehearsing with a group in Atlanta in preparation for another orgy of international remorse. Whatever Mr. Reed's other faults, he has always displayed a

(continued on page 24)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MODERN CONSERVATISM AND THE BURDEN OF JOE McCARTHY

by Thomas C. Reeves

Many political experts have attempted to explain the rise of the right in recent years. At the close of World War II there was no unified, articulate conservative movement in the United States. Forty years later, Ronald Reagan was serving his second term in the White House, scores of conservative organizations were wealthy and growing, conservative publications flourished, and the GOP was making a serious bid to become the nation's most popular political party. By the mid-1980's, the Democratic coalition forged by Franklin D. Roosevelt during the Depression was clearly defunct. The left seemed increasingly out of touch with public opinion.

There is no simple explanation for the swift emergence of the right. In the most useful examination of the phenomenon, *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945*, George H. Nash distinguished three components of the intellectual right: the "classical liberals" or "libertarians" like Hayek and Mises; the "new conservatives" like Weaver, Kirk, and Nisbet; and the militant anti-Communists who founded *National Review*. These categories are not necessarily exclusive; some conservatives could claim to belong to all three. But they are helpful ways to point to the diversity of the right in recent years.

Many of the militant anti-Communists were ex-radicals and former Communists. Some were content to rail about Communist aggression overseas after the war. Most, however, also claimed that Communists, fellow travelers, and liberal dupes in government were responsible for Soviet victories. Two of their favorite words were "appeasement" and "treason." Among the most prominent anti-Communists were James Burnham, Frank Meyer, Whittaker Chambers, William F. Buckley Jr., L. Brent Bozell, William A. Rusher, Willmoore Kendall, John Chamberlain, and William S. Schlamm. All of these men supported the postwar journals of the right: *Plain Talk*, *The Freeman*, *American Mercury*, and *Human Events*. They also backed 29-year-old William F. Buckley Jr. when he began publishing *National Review* in November 1955. This magazine, a weekly until 1958 and thereafter a biweekly, quickly became the principal forum for conservative intellectuals. Nash argues that "*National Review* was far more indispensable to the right than any single liberal journal was to the left. . . . If *National Review* (or something like it) had not been founded, there would probably have been no cohesive intellectual force on the right in the 1960's and 1970's."

Militant anti-Communists dominated the masthead and the pages of *National Review* from the start. Almost all of them had supported the rampages of Senator Joe McCarthy, and *National Review* continued to back him after his censure by the Senate. Nash concluded that "if McCarthyism helped shape the conservative intellectual movement, it also left that movement weakened and defensive; the ghost of McCarthy has remained a burden upon it."

By this, Nash meant that because McCarthy was censured and generally discredited, his supporters lost face. "In the turmoil of the Senator's downfall, the 'backlash' set the conservative cause back to the pre-McCarthy period." In an interview at the time, Buckley conceded that the entire McCarthy controversy had injured conservatism "a good deal."

There is some truth in this; McCarthy's censure in December 1954 was, in William Rusher's words, "a bone-crushing defeat" for the militantly anti-Communist conservatives. And the left would use every occasion for many years to link all conservatives with the controversial Sena-

Thomas C. Reeves is author of The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy *and professor of history at the University of Wisconsin—Parkside.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor. On the whole, however, Nash's contention is misleading and betrays a basic misunderstanding of McCarthyism and its impact on public opinion. Nash equated the term almost exclusively with the Senator, a basic error.

In fact, McCarthyism was a word invented in early 1950 by the *Washington Post* cartoonist Herbert Block (Herblock). It labeled a ruthless technique employed frequently by conservatives (almost always Republicans) for several years before McCarthy became a national figure. This term caught on quickly, and one dictionary defined it as a political attitude "characterized chiefly by opposition to elements held to be subversive and by the use of tactics involving personal attacks on individuals by means of widely publicized indiscriminate allegations especially on the basis of unsubstantiated charges."

McCarthyism, then, was far more than McCarthy. Its practitioners included politicians, government bureaucrats, journalists, leaders of veterans and patriotic organizations, Chamber of Commerce executives, FBI officials, Hollywood blacklisters, labor leaders, preachers and priests, book burners, and a broad assortment of others, along with the conservative intellectuals. Some were sincere, some were fanatical, many were cynical.

McCarthyism was not a mass movement, however, as some scholars have claimed. Polls taken in 1953 and 1954, at the height of McCarthy's notoriety, revealed very little public interest in domestic subversion. Samuel Stouffer's *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties* concluded that in the summer of 1954, "The number of people who said that they were worried either about the threat of Communists in the United States or about civil liberties was, even by the most generous interpretation of occasionally ambiguous responses, *less than 1 percent!*" A massive study by Michael Paul Rogin concluded that "perhaps the single most important characteristic of supporters of McCarthy in the national opinion polls was their party affiliation: Democrats opposed McCarthy, and Republicans supported him."

McCarthyism was more than politics, but it was essentially political. As Robert Griffith has contended, "it was primarily a product of the political system and its leaders." McCarthyism had many goals, but the winning of elections was supreme.

The heyday of McCarthyism was the period 1948 to 1957, and historians have dubbed the outburst the Second Red Scare. The "ism" did not disappear with McCarthy in 1957, however, and it was never repudiated by the Senator's intellectual champions. Indeed, it remains a common and powerful feature of right-wing thought to this day. Much of the right during the Reagan years is as firmly committed to McCarthyism as it was during the political campaigns of the 1940's and 1950's.

The roots of McCarthyism ran deep. Throughout the 1930's Republicans linked New Deal programs with Marx and Lenin. During the Presidential campaign of 1944, GOP Vice Presidential candidate John W. Bricker charged that the Democratic Party had become the "communistic party with Franklin D. Roosevelt at its front." Such charges became commonplace during the elections of 1946. In that year supporters of Richard Nixon's campaign for a California congressional seat charged the incumbent with harboring communist sympathies. Senator Harry Truman's GOP opponent called him "soft on Communism." That fall FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover assisted his friends on the right by warning the American Legion, "During the past five years, American Communists have made their deepest inroads upon our national life. . . . Their propaganda, skillfully designed and adroitly executed, has been projected into practically every phase of our national life." Republicans captured both houses of Congress.

In 1947 the House Committee on Un-American Activities held flamboyant hearings in Hollywood and elsewhere, claiming to see ties between liberals and Communists. The United States Chamber of Commerce released the third of three nationally distributed pamphlets condemning Communism and warning of serious internal subversion. President Truman's creation of a Federal employee loyalty program and his efforts to halt the advance of Communism overseas failed to mollify the right.

Domestic Communism was not a major issue during the Presidential election of 1948, if only because Thomas E. Dewey was predicted to defeat President Truman easily. Still, the Henry Wallace movement was a popular target. Congressman Nixon coauthored a bill that would have virtually outlawed the Communist Party. The House Committee on un-American Activities accelerated its Red hunt when Truman called the 80th Congress back into session in August. It provided a platform for former Communist spies Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers, and the Alger Hiss case soon dominated the headlines.

When President Truman won a stunning upset victory, the right wing of the GOP fell into a rage. Deprived since Hoover of a candidate they felt comfortable with, and boiling mad about the fifth consecutive victory by Democrats, right-wingers vowed to intensify their charges of subversion and keep hammering away until they recaptured the White House. Political Scientist Earl Latham has put it this way:

> The failure of the electorate to effect a change of government in 1948 with such opportunity as the political system might permit for the release of antiwelfarist ambitions, under conditions of some political responsibility for the outcome (which inevitably would have tempered and moderated policy), produced a political compression that exploded in McCarthyism.

What followed is now a familiar story. In 1949, a year of extraordinary domestic and international tensions, 15 states passed antisubversive laws. The House Committee on Un-American Activities kept Hiss and Department of Justice employee Judith Coplon in the headlines and asked more than 100 schools and colleges to submit textbooks for a check on Communist content. Alfred Kohlberg and the China Lobby contended that State Department subversives were responsible for the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek. The *New York Times* reported that "spy stories" occupied 32 percent of the combined front pages of the New York daily newspapers during a single week in June. The American Civil Liberties Union entitled its annual report "In the Shadow of Fear."

Joe McCarthy belatedly entered the fray in February

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1950 with a reckless speech in Wheeling, West Virginia. Immediately members of the militantly anti-Communist right rushed to his assistance, realizing that his charges could not be substantiated. McCarthy quickly became the leader of the pack because of his daring, his passion for publicity, and his rapidly developed zeal for rooting out what he actually believed were subversive elements in all walks of American life.

The Reds-in-government issue, intensified by the Korean War, dominated the 1950 Congressional elections. Democrats lost 28 seats in the House and five in the Senate. Republicans gleefully embraced McCarthy and his "ism." Columnist Marquis Childs observed, "In every contest where it was a major factor, McCarthyism won."

The Republican Party Platform in 1952 contained many examples of McCarthyism, setting the tone for GOP campaigns throughout the country. The preamble charged that Administration Democrats had "shielded traitors to the Nation in high places." McCarthy gave a major address before the Republican National Convention. Candidate Dwight D. Eisenhower publicly showed respect for the Wisconsin Senator and his tactics, agreeing to delete a friendly reference to General George Marshall, a McCarthy target, in a Milwaukee speech and making several charges of his own about Communist infiltration in the nation's schools, media, labor unions, "and—most terrifyingly—into our government itself."

The Eisenhower Administration did little to thwart McCarthy during its first year. In early 1954, however, it had become clear that the Senator, now assisted by hyper-aggressive Roy Cohn, was out of control. When McCarthy began attacking the Army as a source of subversion, the Administration cautiously and subtly aided actions that led to the famous Army-McCarthy hearings. On December 2, 1954, the Senate voted 67 to 22 to "condemn" McCarthy for contempt and abuse of two Senate committees. The 22-man minority was almost solidly from the right wing of the GOP.

Throughout the early 1950's the intellectual right, by and large, backed McCarthy, his tactics, and his charges. In late 1953, *The Freeman* editorialized:

> The struggle against McCarthyism is . . . identical in sociological content with "the struggle against fascism" of the 1930's. What the Communists aim at is a 1950's-style Popular Front, a recreation of the League against War and McCarthyism, preferably operating under the label "the Democratic Party."

The Freeman's Forrest Davis was the principal author of McCarthy's book *America's Retreat From Victory: The Story of George Catlett Marshall.*

National Review, which appeared shortly after McCarthy's censure, continued to applaud the Senator and the "ism." (Publisher William F. Buckley Jr. and editor L. Brent Bozell knew the Senator personally and had assisted him.) This policy would be permanent.

In 1956 the magazine ran a lengthy piece on an unsuccessful effort by liberals to infiltrate McCarthy's office staff. Editorials sympathized with the almost-silent Senator. When McCarthy died in 1957, *National Review* published passionate eulogies. William S. Schlamm's "Across McCarthy's Grave" declared:

> A McCarthyite is a person who is instructed, either by organic innocence or by true sophistication, to fight for his life and his verities—those "simple" verities which only organic innocence or true sophistication can fathom.

"We mean it," Schlamm wrote. "We are McCarthyites." L. Brent Bozell lauded the late Senator's intellect, "vivid moral sense," and "incapacity for gloom." Sam M. Jones said of meeting the Senator for the first time, "I found a man of intense sincerity, a patriot whose courage was to prove superb under an ordeal the like of which no one else has suffered in our country in decades." James Burnham blamed liberals for destroying a great anti-Communist. Frank S. Meyer called McCarthy a prophet.

As the Eisenhower Era gave way to the Kennedy and Johnson years, prominent members of the intellectual right continued, often in a wholly irresponsible way, to link liberalism with Communism—a tactic at the very heart of McCarthyism. Frank S. Meyer, for example, declared that McCarthyism contained several undeniable verities:

> 1) that contemporary Liberalism is in agreement with Communism on the most essential point—the necessity and desirability of socialism;
>
> 2) that it regards all inherited value—theological, philosophical, political—as without intrinsic virtue or authority;
>
> 3) that, therefore, no irreconcilable differences exist between it and Communism—only differences as to methods and means; and
>
> 4) that, in view of these characteristics of their ideology, the Liberals are unfit for the leadership of a free society, and intrinsically incapable of offering serious opposition to the Communist offensive.

In *Up From Liberalism* William F. Buckley Jr. asked, "What can one do to kindle in the Liberal bosom a spirit of antagonism toward the Communists equal in intensity to that which moved the Liberals to fight against Senator McCarthy?" In James Burnham's *Suicide of the West*, published in 1964, we read that the West's dilemma in the struggle against Communism is that "the left is infected with it, and the right cannot understand it."

> Liberalism is infected with communism in the quite precise sense that communism and liberalism share most of their basic axioms and principles, and many of their values and sentiments. . . . The liberal's arm cannot strike with consistent firmness against communism, either domestically or internationally, because the liberal dimly feels that in doing so he would be somehow wounding himself.

Many similar examples of McCarthyite rhetoric may be found from the 1960's, especially from the Goldwater campaign of 1964, in which the right played a prominent role. Lyndon Johnson's overwhelming victory at the polls did nothing to cool right-wing passions. When Harold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Kim" Philby was discovered to be a Soviet spy in 1967, *National Review* proclaimed that Joe McCarthy "has been proved right." The following year, William F. Buckley Jr. declared that "the continuing blindness" of liberals toward Communism was a "deep psychological problem" producing paralysis. (As recently as March 21, 1986, on the *Today* show, Buckley linked Philby's discovery with McCarthy's activities. Roy Cohn has used the same tactic to justify the Senator's tactics. In fact, McCarthy failed to uncover a single subversive.)

What George Nash called "a momentous intellectual realignment" was underway in the early 1970's. A distinguished group of thinkers with liberal backgrounds found themselves pushed to the right by chaos at home and war abroad. *National Review* began publishing Nathan Glazer, Sidney Hook, Lewis Feuer, and Seymour Martin Lipset. Conservative groups and publications began to flourish, and President Nixon was friendly. The election of Ronald Reagan in 1980 ("It was quite a feeling," William Rusher said later) and his reelection in 1984 convinced many that the future belonged to the right. In late 1985 the President told a group of cheering conservatives: "I can assure you: *National Review* is to the offices of the West Wing of the White House what *People* magazine is to your dentist's waiting room."

And yet, for all of its prosperity and promise, many intellectuals of the right continued to praise McCarthy and practice McCarthyism. In the 30th anniversary issue of *National Review*, the centerpiece, a lengthy article by Joseph Sobran, defended McCarthyism and contended that "liberal anti-Communism" was "something like a contradiction in terms":

> Liberalism has turned into a component of a larger and looser version of the Popular Front. . . . Liberal moral outrage against "corrupt and repressive" regimes ceases when Soviet objectives are achieved. . . . It is a foolish mistake to suppose that the liberals are all working for Moscow. But once you grasp that they are working *with* Moscow, everything falls into place. The sin of liberalism is its refusal to acknowledge that the entire Communist project is monstrous.

The American Spectator has published similar declarations on a regular basis.

Another influential journal, *Chronicles*, praised McCarthy in June 1985 as a man of courage and wit and described McCarthyism as "one of those populist outbreaks that always alarm the intellectual classes." The editor continued, "It may be an irrelevant fact that the Senator was right, that American institutions were riddled with subversion and rot."

The historical record does not corroborate such a claim. Scholars have documented the story in detail and are virtually unanimous in their condemnation of McCarthy and his methodology. Not a single major American history textbook on the college level takes even a neutral position on the Second Red Scare.

In early 1986, the Reagan Administration openly practiced McCarthyism for the first time. (Given its heritage and ideological bent, one is impressed by its restraint.) On February 18, Central Intelligence Agency Director William J. Casey passed out copies, at a White House briefing for members of Congress, of a classified report contending that the Sandinista government of Nicaragua was engaged in a "disinformation campaign" to influence Congress and the American news media. The White House announced plans (later dropped) to make the document public in its struggle to obtain $100 million in aid for the anti-Sandinista contras.

Republican Senator David F. Durenberger, chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence, said in a statement, "The Administration clearly intends to use that document, an alleged plan by the Sandinistas, to lobby Congress, to portray every Senator and Congressman who votes against lethal aid as a stooge of Communism." Several critics, notably liberal *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis, contended that the Administration was practicing McCarthyism. (It was soon learned, however, that the Sandinistas had been paying a New York public affairs firm $25,000 a month over the past 30 months to get its message across to the United States. The controversial CIA document was based in part on this fact.)

White House communications director Patrick J. Buchanan then wrote a piece for the *Washington Post* contending that the vote on contra aid would determine whether the Democratic Party "will reveal whether it stands with Ronald Reagan and the resistance—or Daniel Ortega and the Communists." "Two decades ago," Buchanan charged, "the Democratic Party began its withdrawal from the great western coalition to contain Communist expansion, which it once led."

Amid a storm of protest, the President quickly made it clear that he backed Buchanan. Moreover, he contended publicly that Congress must choose between supporting the Administration or the Communists.

> It's what the choice comes down to, whether it is knowingly or not. And I've had enough experience with Communist subversion back in my former profession to know that a great many people are deceived, and not aware that what they're doing is inimical to the interests of the United States.

Democratic Congressman Michael D. Barnes, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on Western Hemisphere affairs, charged that the President and his advisers were committing "the moral equivalent of McCarthyism," and added: "Frankly, I don't believe we have heard such offensive nonsense from our political leaders since the 1950's." Several others in Congress expressed similar views.

Perhaps the right cannot easily abandon its past. Still, its leaders need to learn that their recent popularity cannot be attributed in any measurable degree to their embrace or use of McCarthyism. Smear tactics were never very popular; indeed, McCarthyism, we now know, was never an effective political tool—not even in 1950 or 1952.

If the right is to appeal to the educated and moderate and forge a lasting political majority, it would do well to reevaluate its venerable affection for the Second Red Scare. The time has surely come to jettison McCarthy and his "ism" and forget about one of the blackest episodes in American history.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE EVIL THAT MEN DON'T DO: JOE McCARTHY AND THE AMERICAN RIGHT

by Samuel T. Francis

His is probably the most hated name in American history. Other villains—Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, Alger Hiss, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg—today evoke merely the esoteric passions of the antiquarian or the interminable controversies of partisans. Only Joe McCarthy has given his name to an enduring term of political abuse, and in American politics today there is literally no one who would publicly defend him. When he died, eminent public men could find no good to say of him. Vandals in Appleton, Wisconsin, have repeatedly desecrated his grave, and nearly 30 years after his death his ghost continues to haunt us, called up only by his old enemies to frighten us of what we once became, to warn us of what we might become again.

It is not immediately clear why so much hatred should endure so long, especially when it is recalled that the Senator was never accused or convicted of any crime, never betrayed his country, caused no wars, perpetrated no atrocities, and after 1946 never even lost an election. The reason usually given for the hatred of McCarthy is that he did and said so many evil things. That he has a reputation for doing and saying evil cannot be denied. We are told that McCarthy made reckless accusations of treason, and that he often or always failed to substantiate his charges. He made vitriolic attacks on his opponents and publicly challenged their good faith and integrity. He interfered with the workings of the State Department and the Army. He sent his aides on a junket to Europe, where they made fools of themselves and embarrassed the United States. He ruined the careers of many—hundreds, thousands—of innocent people. He encouraged mass hysteria, played on fear and resentment, and harmed the cause of responsible anti-Communism. He violated the rules of the Senate as well as the standards of common decency. He physically attacked Drew Pearson. He lost his temper, bullied witnesses, talked dirty, and drank too much. He insulted such devoted public servants and stalwart patriots as Dean Acheson, Adlai Stevenson, Harry Truman, Dwight Eisenhower, and George Marshall. He tried to link Stevenson with Alger Hiss, and he made attorney Joseph Welch cry on national television. Perhaps worst of all, when journalists or other senators called McCarthy a liar, a crook, an extremist, a homosexual, or a fraud, he paid them back in the same coin with his distinctive gift for invective. Joe McCarthy said and did all these things and more, and the evil that inheres in them lives after him and recoils upon us to this day in the hatred that attaches to his cursed name.

Once in a while, however, someone who marches to the tune of a different drummer points out that Joe McCarthy did not do some of the evil things that were done in and around his era. He did not, for example, make solemn commitments to anti-Communist allies of the United States, as Franklin Roosevelt did to Chiang Kai-shek, and then violate those commitments at the first opportunity. He did not, like General Eisenhower, initiate "Operation Keelhaul," in which untold numbers of anti-Communist Russians were delivered to the Soviets at the point of American bayonets in the aftermath of World War II. He did not make agreements with Joseph Stalin that consigned an entire subcontinent to Communism and then characterize the Yalta agreements as an act of prudent statecraft.

He did not send American troops to Korea, and later to Vietnam, and then deny them the full support of American military power while their death tolls mounted. He did not allow the Hungarians who revolted against Communist domination to be shot or rounded up by Soviet tanks and Mongolian troops. He did not sponsor an invasion of Communist Cuba, withdraw promised air support at the last minute, and leave the invaders to be slaughtered by Castro's armies. He did not countenance the overthrow and murder of President Diem and his brother, plunge an anti-Communist ally into chaos from which it never recovered, and later sign a peace treaty that ensured Communist control of South Vietnam and make excuses

Samuel T. Francis is the author of Power and History: The Political Thought of James Burnham *and lives in Washington, DC.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while the Communists ignored the treaty, conquered the ally, and defeated the United States for the first time in its history. He did not embark on foreign and defense policies that permitted the most savage and aggressive tyranny in world history to become the equal of the United States in strategic weapons and pronounce it a step toward a generation of peace. Perhaps most of all, McCarthy did not, in the wake of Alger Hiss, the *Amerasia* case, the Rosenbergs, and other lesser treasons, ignore, ridicule, scorn, and work against those Americans who knew the extent of Communist infiltration in the Federal government and obstruct most substantial measures to expose it and bring it to an end.

Joe McCarthy did not do any of these things, which were usually done or authorized or approved or supported by many of the persons and institutions he attacked, and they, like much of what McCarthy did, were also evil, among the most evil things in our history, and most of us have forgotten them and even wonder if they really happened or if anyone really did them. The evil that never happened, that other men didn't do, died with them and lies interred with the bones of its victims—not hundreds or thousands but millions—whose ghosts are never invoked and who have largely disappeared from human memory; but if there is a Bar of Justice beyond this world and beyond human memory, I would rather stand before it and answer for the evil that Joe McCarthy did than for the evil that he didn't do.

The real reason for the hatred borne by the name of Joe McCarthy has little to do with the evil that is attributed to him or with his uncompromising anti-Communism but rather with what he discovered and what he said publicly about the forces (the people, ideas, and institutions) that by 1950 had come to dominate American government and public discourse. McCarthy not only claimed that a Communist presence had entered into the Federal government but also that non-Communist or ostensibly anti-Communist elements in the government and more broadly in the national elite were in some sense "soft" on or sympathetic to Communism and, consequently, that they lacked the resolution to extirpate the internal Communist presence and deal effectively with Communism abroad. Even more, he suggested that the connection between the elite and the forces of subversion and aggression was in itself an indictment of the elite, regardless of whether its members were formally affiliated with Communism, whether they had actually committed espionage or treason in a legal sense, or whether they verbally espoused opposition to Communism. McCarthy, in other words, was not principally concerned with the issue of Communism in government but with the relationship between Communism and the elite or establishment, and because his concern necessarily involved a militant challenge to that elite, it prompted a massive political and verbal counterattack upon him, crushed him and the movement he created, and transformed him into the demonic embodiment of evil that moves among us even today.

McCarthy's contention about the dominant forces in American society was, of course, never presented explicitly or in general terms and was usually expressed in hyperbole and *ad hominem*. It is quite true that McCarthy often exaggerated and overdramatized the connections between the establishment and the more clearly subversive forces, but it was precisely that dramatization that enabled large numbers of Americans to perceive the connection at all. It is probably also true that McCarthy himself did not think of his rhetoric as a device for political and didactic purposes but that he accepted his own dramatization as literal truth. Taken literally, however, much of what McCarthy habitually said was absurd. His notorious attack on Adlai Stevenson—"Alger, I mean Adlai"—linked two men who had little real association and who were quite distinct on a literal level. Yet it was the point of his attack that Adlai and Alger did share some important things in common besides their stuffiness. The great virtue of McCarthy consisted precisely in his ability to communicate to the average American what the bonds were that connected establishment liberals like Stevenson and crypto-Communists like Hiss. McCarthy's rhetoric pointed directly to what they shared, isolated it, and held it up, squirming and screaming, for all the American nation to see. And what the nation saw, it did not like.

Between approximately 1930 and 1950 the United States experienced a social and political revolution in which one elite was largely displaced from power by another. The new elite, entrenching itself in the management of large corporations and unions, the Federal bureaucracy, and the centers of culture, education, and communication, articulated an ideology that expressed its interests and defended its dominance under the label of "liberalism." Although liberalism formally defines itself in opposition to Communism, in fact it retains and incorporates some of the basic premises of Marxist doctrine—in particular, the idea that human beings are the products of their social environment and that by rationalistic management of the environment it is possible to perfect or ameliorate significantly the human condition and indeed man himself. The environmentalist and ultimately utopian premises of liberalism are the justification for the expansion of state and bureaucracy, the regulation of the economy, the redistribution of wealth, and the imposition of progressive education and egalitarian experiments on traditional institutions and communities by liberal agencies and policies.

In foreign affairs, the premises of liberalism hold out the prospect of an "end to war" through the transcendence of nationalism and international rivalry and the evolution or conscious design of a cosmopolitan world order in which war, empire, sovereignty, and significant differentiations among peoples have disappeared. It so happens that the ideology of liberalism, for all its contempt for "special interests," coincides very conveniently with the political, economic, and professional interests of the bureaucrats, social engineers, managers, and intellectuals who believe in it and who are most zealous in pressing for its agenda. Without liberalism or some such formula under another name, these groups cannot easily explain or justify the power, prestige, and rewards that they hold. By the late 1940's, due to the crises and power vacuums created by the Great Depression, two world wars, and the advance of technical knowledge and skill, this complex of special interests and its ideology had secured an essentially dominant, though not exclusive, influence in the strategic power

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centers of American society. In a word, the rising liberal elite had become a liberal establishment.

The environmentalist premises of liberalism, its social engineering methods, and its utopian or meliorist implications are not fundamentally distinct from those of Communism, and indeed the two ideologies share common roots in the pleasant fantasies of the Enlightenment as well as in what Whittaker Chambers called "man's second oldest faith," the promise of which "was whispered in the first days of the Creation under the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil: 'Ye shall be as gods.'" Given the common premises and roots shared by members of the new elite and by Communists, it is not terribly surprising that they could work together in administrations and institutions committed to the premises. Nor is it surprising that liberals often failed to recognize the Communists among them or, when their presence was pointed out, that they often failed to see them or the significance of their presence or even to express very much concern about it.

Finally, it is not surprising either that some who began as liberals found themselves, frustrated by the compromises and slow pace of conventional politics and faced with the emergencies of global war and economic chaos, ineluctably drawn toward and into support for the more muscular tactics of Lenin and Stalin. Liberal ideology and the expectations it creates in the minds of those who believe it do not conduce to caution, nor do they discourage the mental habit of dividing the world into the simple dichotomies of the Manichean under the labels of "progessive" and "reactionary." "Thus," wrote Chambers, "men who sincerely abhorred the word Communism, in the pursuit of common ends found that they were unable to distinguish Communists from themselves, except that it was just the Communists who were likely to be most forthright and most dedicated in the common cause."

The discovery of Communist infiltration, then, was not the principal meaning of McCarthy's activities, although it cannot be doubted that he did indeed discover and expose Communists in sensitive positions and, more importantly perhaps, the indifference of the new elite in government to their presence. On February 23, 1954, for example, Mrs. Mary Stalcup Markward, who had worked for the FBI as an undercover informant in the Communist Party in Washington, DC, and had had access to Party membership files, testified under oath before McCarthy's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations and identified Mrs. Annie Lee Moss, a civilian employee of the Army Signal Corps, as having been to her knowledge a member of the Communist Party. Mrs. Moss, testifying under oath also, later denied this accusation and, because she appeared to be almost completely uneducated, was believed by many to be a most unlikely Communist. The Markward testimony was thus not widely credited at the time, and the incident appeared to be an embarrassment for Senator McCarthy.

In the course of her testimony, however, Mrs. Moss had mentioned her address at "72 R Street, S.W.," Washington, DC. In 1958 the Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB), weighing the credibility of Markward as a witness, obtained access to the membership files of the Washington area Communist Party that had been seized by the FBI. These files, the authenticity of which the Party did not challenge, contained a record of one Annie Lee Moss living at 72 R Street, S.W., in Washington. Although the SACB, in a ruling of 1959, found that "Markward's testimony should be assayed with caution," this reassessment by the Board had nothing to do with the Moss case. Nor did it involve an insinuation of lying on the part of Markward but rather a conflict of interpretation of how she had been compensated by the FBI. Moreover, even while urging caution in regard to Markward's testimony, the SACB concluded that a finding that Markward "palpably lied or that she testified on this or other proceedings to a deliberate series of falsehoods" would not be warranted and that "in the few instances relied upon, Markward is, with two minor exceptions, corroborated by other credited evidence." Given Markward's unequivocal identification of Moss as a Party member, the substantiation of the identification by a bipartisan and independent board through the discovery of Moss's name and address in Party membership files, and the absence of any reason to believe that Markward had lied, the conclusion that Moss was a Communist is inescapable.

Another such case made public by McCarthy is that of Edward M. Rothschild, an employee of the Government Printing Office, who was described under oath by his fellow worker James B. Phillips on August 17, 1953, as having attended meetings in 1938 for the purpose of forming a Communist Party cell in the GPO. Mrs. Markward also testified under oath the same day that she had known Rothschild's wife, Esther, as a member of the Communist Party. Rothschild himself had earlier acknowledged that he was in a position at the GPO to obtain access to classified information that was being printed and assembled there, but he had denied actually having done so. The witness Phillips related an incident in which he had observed another employee try to steal classified data. When asked if they were Communists, both Mr. and Mrs. Rothschild took the Fifth Amendment. There was no reason to doubt the testimony of Phillips and Markward, and because of McCarthy's hearing, Rothschild was discharged from his position in the GPO.

In neither the Moss nor the Rothschild case was a major espionage investigation involved. The point is not that Moss and Rothschild were equivalent to Alger Hiss or Kim Philby but that the information publicized by McCarthy's hearings had been presented to the appropriate security authorities by the FBI some years before. In the case of Moss, the FBI had offered a witness against her to the Army and to the Civil Service Commission in 1951, three years before McCarthy's hearing, and both had ignored the Bureau and the witness. In the Rothschild case, the FBI had made known to the GPO as early as 1943—10 years before McCarthy's hearing—that information on the Rothschilds' Communist activities was available. In 1948 the Bureau offered a list of 40 witnesses against Rothschild to the Loyalty Board of the GPO, but not one was called. In 1951 the FBI had provided more information on Rothschild, but the GPO, under new security rules formulated by the Eisenhower Administration, cleared him in 1953. For all of the rhetoric about the "stringent" security rules established under Truman and Eisenhower, those who administered these rules were often either too indifferent or too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incompetent—these are the most charitable interpretations—to avail themselves of reliable evidence on the presence of Communists and security risks in sensitive positions of the Federal government.

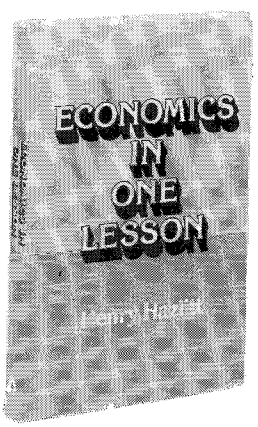
The Moss and Rothschild cases are only two relatively clear instances in which McCarthy exposed the presence of Communists or subversives in government. His investigation of security risks in the defense establishment in 1954 led to the removal of over 30 individuals from employment in defense plants after they were identified as Communists by witnesses before his subcommittee. When confronted with these accusations and provided opportunities to respond, these individuals had generally taken the Fifth Amendment—i.e., refused to state whether they had been or were Communists and often whether they had committed espionage. Perhaps they all were high-minded civil libertarians, but perhaps also there is no reason for persons who refuse to deny they are Communists or spies to work in defense plants.

The case of Owen Lattimore, first accused by McCarthy and later found by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee to have been "a conscious articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy"—a judgment based on the testimony of ex-Soviet diplomatic and intelligence officers and of former Ambassador William Bullitt and analysis of Lattimore's own publications, as well as on the statements of Louis Budenz and other evidence—is another complicated but reasonably conclusive instance of McCarthy's discovery of a Communist. In addition, there are a number of cases first publicized by McCarthy in which the evidence is not conclusive but highly suggestive—patterns of association, membership in Communist front organizations, political activities, and public statements—of Communist or pro-Communist sympathies or of inability to make responsible judgments about Communism. The cliché that "McCarthy never discovered a single Communist," repeated *ad nauseam* by the academic branch of the elite, is simply untrue.

Nevertheless, it was not the minutiae of Congressional investigations and the administration of Federal laws and regulations that created McCarthy's following, nor did they significantly contribute to the hatred of him that the new elite exhibited. Had McCarthy announced, in Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950, the discovery of Communists in labor unions rather than in the State Department, his speech would have attracted little notice. The State Department and the individuals whom McCarthy proceeded to identify by name were at the heart of the establishment and its agenda, and when McCarthy made bald assertions about their connections to Communism, he was launching an attack upon the establishment that it could not ignore and which it could reciprocate only with hatred. Other criticisms of the elite from the right—of its economic and foreign policies or of the constitutionality of its legal measures—did not challenge its fundamental

"Its insights have guided my own thinking and I am proud to count myself as one of your students." —RONALD REAGAN

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



This book has been the springboard from which millions have come to understand the basic truths about economics—and the economic fallacies responsible for inflation, unemployment, high taxes, and recession. Henry Hazlitt is the dean of American free market economists, and his clear, concise style illuminates ideas that all generations should know and appreciate.

Now you can purchase this quality paperback edition for only $6.95. Add it to your reference shelf—you'll look through it often—or make it a special gift for a friend or a student.

"(Hazlitt) is one of the few economists in history who could really write." —H.L. MENCKEN

ONLY $6.95 FROM LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS
Order #HH0014

★ ORDER TOLL-FREE ★
1-800-2382200 EXT 500
Continental U.S. • 24 hours a day • 7 days a week

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.*

☐ Please send me _____ copies of Henry Hazlitt's *Economics in One Lesson* for only $6.95 each, plus $1.00 for postage and handling ($2.00 for foreign orders).

☐ Send me your 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $_____.

☐ Please bill my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Order from: LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS,
Dept. CAS,
532 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212) 925-8992

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legitimacy or its basic loyalty and integrity, nor did they generally suggest that it was a distinct social and political, as well as an ideological, formation, implicitly and inherently alien and hostile to the mainstream of the nation. Hatred and destruction of McCarthy were the only possible responses to this kind of attack. Thomas Reeves says in his biography of McCarthy that he is our King John. It may be more appropriate to say that he is the liberals' Trotsky, their Emmanuel Goldstein, their Jew. His very existence was a threat to their interests and power and was ultimately incompatible with their dominance in the United States.

It was McCarthy's accomplishment to infuse into the American right the militancy of a counterrevolutionary movement, and the large following he attracted tends to confirm that there was indeed what Chambers called a "jagged fissure" between the elite and the "plain men and women of the nation" on the issue of the relationship between the elite and Communism. The militant antiliberal and anti-Communist movement that McCarthy was the first to instigate also underlay the Goldwater movement of the early 1960's, the Wallace following of the late 60's and early 70's, and the "New Right" of the last decade.

Every time these mass expressions of antiliberalism have appeared, mainstream conservatives and the Republican Party have hastened to take political advantage of them and frequently have used them to obtain political office—as Eisenhower did in 1952, Nixon in 1968, and Reagan in 1980. Yet every time also, those who gained office have proceeded to ignore, to compromise, or actually to betray the constituency on which their office-holding was based. They have done so because they are themselves part of or closely connected to the elite against which this constituency is mobilized.

In recent years, particularly under the Reagan Administration, attempts have been made to formulate a more "responsible," a more "credible" and "respectable" version of conservatism that pays lip service to the antiliberal and antiestablishment (populist, if you will) constituency but which in fact seeks to defuse its militancy and consolidate it into the apparatus of elite power. It is no accident that many of the older exponents of this newest of the new conservatisms were themselves among the foremost critics of McCarthyism in the 1950's and 1960's and that many of its younger exponents take the lead in urging the repudiation of McCarthyism and other symbols of militancy by "responsible conservatives."

To repudiate McCarthyism, however, would be to accept not only the establishment but also the premises and agenda on which it operates, for the complex of public and private bureaucracies that compose the establishment is inseparable from the environmentalist, utopian, and social engineering functions that the premises and agenda of liberalism express and rationalize. The American right, then, if it is serious about wanting to preserve the nation and its social fabric and political culture in any recognizable form, must continue to embrace Joe McCarthy and the kind of militant, popular, antiliberal, and antiestablishment movement that he was the first to express on a national scale.

There is, of course, such a thing as "liberal anti-Communism," and there is no doubt that such prominent liberals as Sidney Hook, John P. Roche, and the late Senator Thomas Dodd, among others, have long been uncompromising enemies of Communism within and without the United States. In recent years, anti-Communist liberals of the Kennedy-Johnson era have played an important role in trying to reshape right-wing anti-Communism into molds more acceptable to the establishment. Anti-Communist adherents of liberalism may bring a more cautious and skeptical assessment to their own ideological premises than is common with most of their colleagues and thus refuse to be swallowed up by the enthusiasm such premises more often generate. As a general rule, however, anti-Communist liberals tend to reflect these premises in their opposition to Communism. To them, Communism is not, as Lenin argued it was, the result of an organized, highly disciplined, and ruthless apparatus, but is itself another deformation of the environment, like crime and war, a product of ignorance, poverty, oppression, and neglect. Hence, they want to fight communism not with force but with reform, to remove its "causes" with more foreign aid, more education, more development, and, most recently, more democracy—all of which "solutions" ignore the main cause of Communism but accrue to the advantage of the educators, economists, social engineers, political technicians, and professional verbalists who undertake to administer the solution.

"The seeds of totalitarian regimes," said Harry Truman in announcing his Doctrine in 1947, "are nurtured by misery and want. They spread and grow in the evil soil of poverty and strife," and it was "primarily through economic and financial aid" that Truman proposed that the United States resist the expansion of Communism. From Truman's day through Lyndon Johnson's "TVA on the Mekong" to the present efforts of aging social democrats in the Reagan Administration to fight Communism by undermining our best anti-Communist allies—in the Philippines, South Africa, Chile—for the sake of "human rights" and "democracy projects," the incompetence of liberal anti-Communism to defeat Communism is clear. No one who seriously subscribes to the premises of liberalism can for long countenance the thought that the only way to deal with Communism is through the timely and efficient use of force, nor can he subscribe to the idea that those who share the premises of Communist doctrine constitute an alien and hostile presence that cannot be tolerated in a society determined to survive.

Anti-Communist liberalism does not, then, contradict the McCarthyite perception of an inherent softness toward Communism deriving from liberal premises. These premises manifest themselves even when those who share them are sincerely anti-Communist, and they serve to undermine the effectiveness of their anti-Communist measures. Yet anti-Communism has never been a dominant strain in the ideology of the liberal elite that emerged in the early part of the century. It was not dominant in McCarthy's day, when the elite in both political parties did everything it could to resist, weaken, obstruct, and distract serious anti-Communist efforts and was itself the source of the evil appeasements and retreats that we have long since consigned to oblivion.

And it is not the dominant strain in liberalism today. Private efforts by journalists and investigators have shown in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recent years how campaigns such as the antinuclear movement, much of the opposition to American policy in Central America, the movement to weaken the CIA and FBI, and opposition to virtually every new weapons system proposed by the Defense Department have been led by persons and groups whose attitude toward Communism and the Soviet Union is at best equivocal and who often show no hesitation at working with Soviet-controlled front groups and known Communists.

Such campaigns are neither largely composed of nor led by card-carrying Communists, nor do they enjoy success because of Communist assistance. On the contrary, their following and leadership consist precisely of persons who regard themselves as liberals or roughly equivalent persuasions, and they enjoy success because they are generally well-funded by establishment foundations, well-received by establishment media and political figures, and well-organized and packaged by establishment intellectuals and verbalists.

When such movements and their leaders and followers worry as much about Soviet military programs as they do about those of the United States and NATO, when they denounce "human rights violations" in Cuba and Angola with as much fervor as they do in El Salvador and South Africa, when they protest Afghanistan as strongly as Grenada, and when they speak with as much hatred and fear of the KGB as of the FBI and CIA, then I shall regard them as the "humanists," "pacifists," and "civil libertarians" that they profess to be. Until that time—and I do not hold my breath—I shall believe that Joe McCarthy tore a mask from the face of liberalism, and I shall regard the mainstream of its adherents under another label, which, even if not printed on a membership card, is more truthful and more terrible.

AND THE KINDLY KGB HANDED OUT HOT SOUP *by Arnold Beichman*

It was now the beginning of the seventh year of the genocidal invasion of Afghanistan. To many Americans it appeared that the war would never end, not until the entire population of Afghanistan was either dead or in exile. Some Americans thought it was time to do something about Soviet imperialism, especially since a good many of them had spent the entire summer and fall picketing the South African Embassy in Washington, daring arrest, while others were denouncing President Reagan's "Star Wars" and the U.S. invasion of Grenada. Much earlier, they had been in the forefront of protest against the war in Vietnam. Obviously something had to be done to balance the equation; people might criticize their moral credentials. After all, they had been cheering for a long time Bishop Tutu and Nelson Mandela but never a word about Andrei Sakharov or Anatoli Shcharansky.

And so we saw on a cold, raw February afternoon, a march on the Soviet Embassy. It was headed by Richard Barnet and Mort Halperin of the Institute for Policy Studies. They were followed by William Kunstler, the people's attorney; Anthony Lewis and Tom Wicker of the *New York Times*, Richard Cohen of the *Washington Post*; Senators Christopher Dodd, Lowell Weicker, and Alan Cranston; Alexander Cockburn, the columnist; Victor Navasky of *The Nation*; the Rev. William Sloane Coffin and the Brothers Berrigan; Mrs. Bella Abzug; Professor Bertell Ollman, the New York University Marxist; Harvard History Professor John Womack and Harvard Law School Professor Duncan Kennedy. From overseas came Arthur Scargill, the British miners' boss; Günter Grass, the German writer, accompanied by Willy Brandt; Jack Lang and Regis Debray.

Arnold Beichman, a Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution, dedicates this article to Bernard Levin, who inspired it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

President Mitterrand's favorite leftists. They, too, were concerned about their moral credentials and wanted to show the world that they supported the American left's desire to dispel the unfortunate impression that "moral equivalence" was really a double standard.

When the protest march reached the Soviet Embassy, it stopped on the sidewalk outside to regroup while a delegation comprising Speaker Tip O'Neill, Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden, the Rev. Jesse Jackson, Mary McGrory, Armand Hammer, and Ed Asner were invited in for tea and *zakuski*, those nice Russian hors d'oeuvres. Ambassador Dobrynin received them in person and listened with grave courtesy to their protest at the Soviet action in Afghanistan.

"Many of us, indeed almost all," began Ms. Fonda, "were wholly opposed to the American action in Vietnam and took various measures to express our view of the matter, even to committing what some reactionaries called treason. We believed that our country was quite unjustified in sending troops to intervene in a quarrel that was no concern of ours. Even if the government was right in principle, the suffering caused by our action was wholly out of proportion to any good it seemed likely to do. And we felt the same way about the invasion of Grenada."

Ambassador Dobrynin nodded. "Go on," he said pleasantly, "but please explain how this analogy fits your protest against my country's support of the liberation movement in Afghanistan."

"Why, don't you see," said Ms. McGrory peevishly. "Surely you can understand how we, never motivated during the Vietnam War, and later during the Grenada invasion, by anything but a burning sense of injustice at the action of a mighty military power against a small nation's struggle for independence and freedom, would be regarded —as a matter of fact, rightly—by ourselves as well as others, as no better than so many hypocrites if we remained silent for almost seven years in the face of another action by another mighty military power against another small nation."

That same evening all three networks, who had broadcast all kinds of documentary and news programs against South Africa, did a combined program in which Harrison Salisbury, introduced as an expert on Afghanistan "with no political axe to grind," described the Soviet aggression in Afghanistan in language as objective as he had used in describing the U.S. bombings of North Vietnam. To balance the program, the three networks engaged Dan Rather, Walter Cronkite, Peter Jennings, and Tom Brokaw, all of whom agreed with Salisbury.

President Carter, who, it will be recalled, lost faith in the Soviet Union after its attack on Afghanistan, made a special appearance. He said that he was now convinced that the American people were absolutely right in having an inordinate fear of Communism. With a thrust at President Reagan, he added that, had he been reelected in 1980, there would now be American—not Soviet—troops in Afghanistan. Mrs. Carter chimed in, saying she would have used laser and particle beam and other kinetic energy weapons. Mr. Carter agreed.

As was only to be expected, a substantial number of groups have sprung up spontaneously designed to achieve the widest possible variety of world protest against the Soviet action. None of these, of course, have any connection with any other group; indeed, few are even aware of the existence of the others. (The fact that they all operate from the same New York address is purely coincidence.) These groups include the Committee for Peace in Central Asia, the Peace in Central Asia Committee, and the Afghanistan Committee for Peace. There are also Doctors Against Soviet Imperialism, Teachers Against Soviet Imperialism, Journalists Against Soviet Imperialism, Hollywood Against Soviet Imperialism, Labor Against Soviet Imperialism, Intellectuals Against Yellow Rain in Afghanistan, and Anti-Intellectuals Against Bee Feces in Afghanistan.

The Black Caucus in Congress has been so aroused over this attack on a Third World country that its leadership has proposed resolutions defining the attack on Afghanistan as "racist" and demanding that President Reagan send all possible military aid including tactical nuclear weapons to help the beleaguered Afghan people unless he, too, wants to be regarded as a racist. A Congressional delegation headed by Rep. William Gray demanded the right to visit Afghanistan as they had South Africa so that they could see the real situation for themselves. If the USSR failed to grant such permission, Rep. Gray, with the full support of the Black Caucus, was prepared to call for an end to all trade and cultural relations with Moscow.

In Tunisia, Yasir Arafat was so indignant at what the Russians were doing to a Moslem country that he set up an Inter-Arab Committee Against Soviet Imperialism with the Kings of Saudi Arabia and Jordan, Muammar Qaddafi of Libya, and President Assad of Syria as honorary chairmen.

In Canada, former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau organized the interparty Canadian Trilateral Commission Against Soviet Aggression Anywhere and Everywhere. Ingbar Carlsson, the Swedish Premier, was so indignant that he sponsored the Scandinavian Committee Against Soviet Aggression Anywhere and Everywhere. Professor George Kennan wrote an article from a historical perspective in which he said that the Russians under Mikhail Gorbachev were worse than the Prussians under Bismarck. The article was reprinted on the front page of the *Washington Post*.

But it is in the Soviet Union itself that the biggest volume of public protest is to be found. Most impressive is what happened when the Soviet Committee for an End to Soviet Involvement in Afghanistan held an all-night vigil outside the Kremlin walls. At one point during the frigid night, the KGB guards appeared with cans of hot soup which they distributed to the invigilators. Through it all, Gorbachev lived up to Seweryn Bialer's praise for him in the *New York Times* as a man "open to new ideas." At about one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Gorbachev emerged from the Kremlin wearing an overcoat and fur hat. Even though a heavy snow was falling, he moved among the crowds of protesters quite freely, talking to them, listening to their views, and assuring them that although he disagreed with what they said, he would fight to the death for their right to say it.

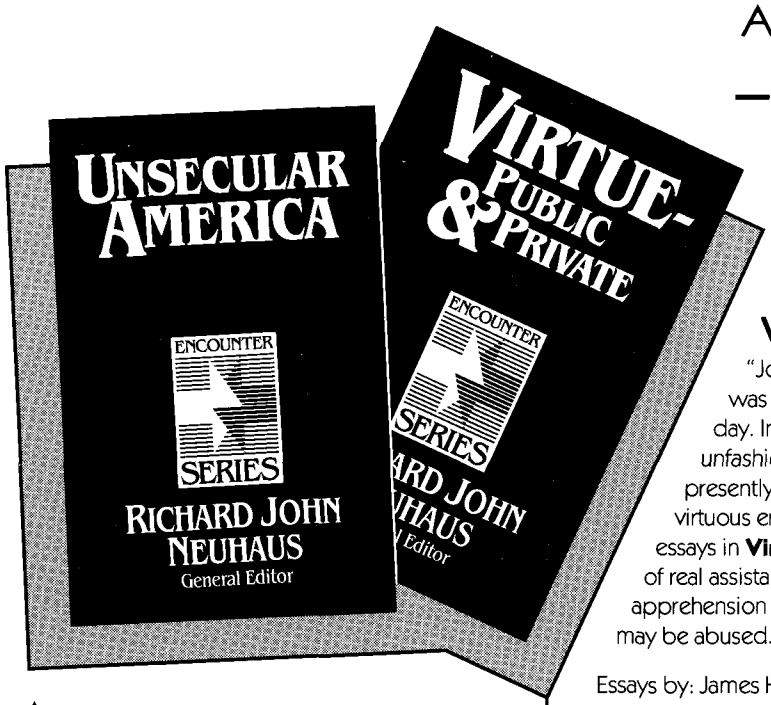
* * * * * *

Editor's Note: Owing to technical errors beyond anyone's control, the word "not" was unfortunately omitted throughout the article above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE ENCOUNTER SERIES will contribute greatly to our understanding of the part that faith plays in the continuing American experiment."

—GEORGE GALLUP, JR.



Arising out of the conferences sponsored by the Center on Religion and Society in New York City, the **Encounter Series** presents the dialogue of a diverse group of theologians, ethicists, philosophers, and public policy experts from across the political and religious spectrum. The subjects under discussion are as varied as evangelical political theory, Jews in unsecular America, the renascence of religion in the public arena, church-state conflict, the changing mission of the Black Church, and the idea of virtue in the modern world. Each volume includes not only the essays presented at the conference, but also a lively narrative of the subsequent discussion, which allows the reader to experience more fully the actual give-and-take of genuine dialogue.

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS ▲
General Editor

ENCOUNTER SERIES

Now Available:

VIRTUE: PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

"John Adams wrote that 'conscience' was a word long out of fashion in his day. In our time, 'virtue' has been equally unfashionable for some decades. But presently people discover that an unvirtuous era is a vicious era. The intelligent essays in **Virtue: Public and Private** will be of real assistance in restoring among us an apprehension of what virtue is and how the word may be abused."

—RUSSELL KIRK

Essays by: James H. Billington ▲ Gilbert Meilaender, ▲ Robert E. Rodes, Jr.; ▲ Bernard Semmel.

Paper, $5.95

UNSECULAR AMERICA

"A lively collection of writings on a topic of increasing interest to clergy, sociologists and, of course, politicians.

—THE KIRKUS REVIEWS

"As **Unsecular America** makes clear, the notion that America is or is rapidly becoming a secular society flies in the face of the evidence. On the other hand, the implications of the perduring and growing force of religion are by no means clear. And that is one reason why, especially now, thoughtful Americans of all religions and none should welcome the appearance of the **Encounter Series.**"

—PETER BERGER

Essays by: Paul Johnson ▲ Everett Carll Ladd ▲ George M. Marsden ▲ Richard John Neuhaus

Paper, $8.95

Available in Fall 1986:

CONFESSION, CONFLICT, AND COMMUNITY

Essays by ▲ Peter L. Berger ▲ Edwin S. Gaustad ▲ Eberhard Müller ▲ Trutz Rendtorff

632

At your bookstore, or write:

WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN 49503

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Short Views

(continued from page 11)

splendid contempt for political idealism, in fact for every virtue known to ethical science. When the Baudelaire of rock begins to pound the pulpit, then—to borrow one of his lines—"the absurd courts the vulgar."

Human beings simply cannot think on a global scale. Lawrence Kohlberg, who is responsible for a famous outline of ethical development, recently conceded that his level six (universal conscience) is only to be met with in an occasional saint like Mother Teresa. The rest of us are lucky if we can follow orders and, occasionally, be civil to our next-door neighbor. "Easy to be hard" was the 60's rock answer to all of this caring about people, "easy to say no"—a silly song but a solid point.

Internationalism encourages long views, which is supposed to be a good thing. I am not so sure that a broad perspective is so good an idea. There is a wonderful scene in *The Third Man* where Harry Lyme takes his friend up in a Ferris wheel to explain why he sold rotten penicillin to a children's household. From up there, he explained, people looked like ants. What difference did it make if a few of them got stepped on? Jesus, it will be remembered, was offered a similar *Weltanschauung* by the tempter who took him up into a high place and showed him all the kingdoms of the world. "Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God" was Sydney Smith's famous credo. I can think of many worse.

In the forthcoming issue of *Chronicles*:

Personal Fireworks

"The achievement of an A in a course on death must be an indication that one has mastered and so, by implication, has triumphed over the subject matter. If life is a problem to be solved, then death, the inescapable solution, is a problem to be defused of problemality, so that one will be able to live without dread with the fact of death in the same way that one lives without joy with the experience of life."

—from "The Novel and the Imperial Self" by John W. Aldridge

ALSO

John Sisk discovers the missing links between drugs, pornography, and Hollywood

Janet Barlow says "good night" to Merry Sunshine fathers

Fred Chappell finds gold in the Romantic vision

Robert Nisbet looks at the history of history

The more we think about all mankind, the worse we shall treat our children, our neighbors, our friends, and even our allies. Charity and benevolence are not like some chemical herbicide that can be manufactured and sprayed everywhere to rid the world of chickweed and dandelions. They are seeds which must be planted, tended, watered, and—when the fruit is ripe—plucked and shared with hungry neighbors and passersby. Attempt to sow them from a cropdusting plane and they become a nuisance.

Whenever anyone ventures to complain about the erosion of national identity, he is sure to be told that the modern age is an internationalist era of Satellite Communication, UNESCO, and multinational businesses. We are already living in McLuhan's "global village," and there is no point in kicking against the pricks. Maybe so. But in the midst of all these transnational embraces, it is possible to detect counterindications: the flare-up of nationalism among Scots, Welsh, Bretons, and Basques; the persistence of tribalism as the basic motivation of Third World politics; and finally the emergence of the multinational company as a nation claiming the allegiance of its managers. Territorial loyalties remain very strong; if they are attacked or stretched too far, they have a way of snapping back at the oddest times and in the strangest ways. Internationalism has, in the past, flown under many flags: the pax romana, the Holy Roman Empire, liberty-equality-fraternity, Pan-Slavism, and Communism. All of them became, whatever their origin, a pretext for territorial expansion.

It is difficult for the diverse strands of the American population to think in national terms. Some Texas schools on the Rio Grande celebrate Cinco de Mayo as the major patriotic holiday of the year, and many Southerners still have difficulty working up much enthusiasm for Lincoln's birthday. With all the divisions in American life, you might think we would be devoting our best efforts to unifying the nation, but no. The debate over aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* occupied the attention of President and Congress for a good part of the past 12 months. To listen to some conservatives, destroying the Sandinistas is more important than reducing unemployment or refurbishing the national parks. The left takes the same view of South Africa. Some black political leaders like to speak out on behalf of Nelson Mandela or the affronted Angolans as if it were Americans whose liberties were at risk. Meanwhile, conservatives continue to fawn over Jonas Savimbi as if they knew anything about him—other than who trained him (the Communist Chinese) and who ghostwrites his articles. Greek Americans egg us on to damage our relations with Turkey—an important strategic ally; Hispanic leaders agitate for bilingualism.

Even more divisive than ethnic irredentism is the ideological furor. The concept of global democracy would be amusing in a pathetic sort of way if its exponents did not have so much influence on public policy. Going alphabetically down the roster of the United Nations, a Boy Scout would have trouble finding two democracies close enough to rub together for a fire. South Africa is to be condemned *not* because it is failing to deal successfully with the situation in which it finds itself, not because it is in our interest to slough off a potential embarrassment, but because it is not democratic enough. If the democratizers have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their way, Mr. Botha will chew on the exile's bread along with Mr. Marcos, to be joined in the near future by the leaders of South Korea, Taiwan, Chile, and Saudi Arabia.

At the same time, we can't find enough nice things to say about the liberal regime in mainland China. Judged by the standards we apply to South Africa, China should be a pariah in the company of nations. Why? We know why: Because any form of Communism—in the befuddled minds of some globalists—is preferable to any form of colonialism. On the other hand, it is equally disgusting to hear the way some conservatives support South Africa simply because it is *more* democratic than its neighbors or even *because* of its racial policies. The other outstanding example of an ideological enemy/ally is Israel. The left attacks her because she is an American ally and a Western redoubt to check Soviet expansion. The right, for the same reason, sometimes seems to put Israeli interests above our own. (Some of them even use a zany, apocalyptic interpretation of Scripture to support their view.) Considering Israel's almost unique efforts to sustain a democratic society outside Europe and North America, it is easy to understand why some conservatives should become unbalanced in her defense. Still, I am waiting for someone to explain why, in concrete nonideological terms, I should be too concerned with the quality of rascals other nations allow themselves to be oppressed by. We have our own to worry about.

By nonideological I also include all references to what my old Senator (Strom Thurmond) calls the international "Commonist" conspiracy. But we have never had a consistent anti-Communist policy. In fact, the U.S. has never had a foreign policy for more than a few years at a time. Americans may not be smart enough to conduct affairs of state: Our attention span is too short. The result is, leftist politicians are always able to short-circuit any real policy of containment and to drum up support for Communist-dominated insurgencies. In the long run, a moderate defensive posture somewhere between Robert Taft's isolationism and Irving Kristol's highly modified and restrained globalism is probably in the best interest of the United States.

Good anti-Communists tell me that any withdrawal from the world stage plays into the hands of the Soviet Union. However, for all the rhetoric and secret operations, we have not kept the Soviets out of Cuba and Nicaragua. If we *are* really willing to go to war (a third time) for the liberty of Europe or to boot the Communists out of Latin America, I have no objection—so long as we do it for us and not for the nations we propose to "liberate." Unfortunately, U.S. bellicosity, increasingly selective, is only directed against nations who can't fight back. There just aren't that many Qaddafis in the world to keep the Air Force busy for more than a week.

All of our Founding Fathers understood these questions far better than we do. Washington's warning against entangling alliances was taken to heart by every President until McKinley, Roosevelt, and Wilson destroyed forever our splendid isolation in the world. Early on, John Randolph of Roanoke had warned Americans against taking the Declaration of Independence too seriously, much less applying it to foreign affairs. Randolph was as mad as Cassandra and has gone unheeded.

While "Mad Jack" was an aristocrat, his best disciple in modern times was a populist Democrat from Illinois (and Nebraska), William Jennings Bryan. When the Republicans were hell-bent on conquering and administering the Philippines, Bryan discovered the correct word for these proceedings: imperialism. When Woodrow Wilson insisted on applying a double standard to the antagonists of World War I, Bryan resigned as Secretary of State. When war came, he was among the first to volunteer his services. Although a passionate believer in democracy, Bryan was prudent enough to realize that other nations had the right to work out their own destinies. Despite his dislike for monarchy, he attended the coronation of the King of Norway. If the Norwegians wanted to saddle themselves with a king, that was fine with him. Bryan was convinced that America's greatest role was to set an example for the world, to attract rather than to drive other nations to democracy.

Bryan's open-mindedness stands in sharp contrast with the professorial parson's son under whom he served. Woodrow Wilson, on at least one occasion, prolonged the war by his refusal to deal with the *kaiser's* representatives. Wilhelm II, he observed icily, had not been properly elected. Wilson is hardly the only politician who has taught himself to put ideology above the national interest. The worst aspect of all this politicking over South Africa, Nicaragua, etc., is the way it keeps the fires of our disunity stoked. The moderate left and the moderate right would stand a better chance of collaborating for the common good, if both parties ever gave up locking horns over their favorite foreign constituencies. As it is, we continue to define ourselves not so much as Americans but as supporters (or enemies) of the Soviet Union, South Africa, "democratic aspirations everywhere," or the cause of popular revolution.

It is a bit too reminiscent of the scenes described by Thucydides in his *History*. In the course of the long war—hot and cold—between Athens and Sparta, city after city underwent a civil war in which the democrats allied themselves with Athens, the aristocrats with Sparta. At the end of the war, the Athenian aristocrats succeed in dishing the democrats and making peace with the enemy on less than heroic terms. For Athens, the civil strife was more destructive than losing the war. Athens' greatest asset had been her national energy and sense of commitment. Ideological bickering destroyed Athenian patriotism as it is destroying ours.

Let me make myself clear: I don't particularly like the regimes in Angola and Nicaragua; I was even brought up to hate the estimable Turks; I fully support our alliance with Israel, and I'm even prepared to say nice things about Jonas Savimbi or Pancho Villa. But what is hard to stomach is the assumption that we should put the interests of any other nation on par with—much less above—the interests of the United States. Ethnic and political factions who think otherwise might consider emigration. I'd like to see a brigade of blow-dried congressmen and their well-groomed aides marching shoulder to shoulder and eating dog meat with the *contras* or living off cattle blood and taro roots with Mr. Savimbi. The diet will agree with them about as much as their internationalism agrees with the taste of most Americans.

—*Thomas Fleming*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The War Against the West *by Lee Congdon*

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."
— Tennyson

The Expansion of International Society, edited by Hedley Bull and Adam Watson, Oxford: Clarendon Press; $39.95.

The Lawful Rights of Mankind: An Introduction to the International Legal Code of Human Rights by Paul Sieghart, Oxford: Oxford University Press; $15.95.

In our day the mere mention of imperialism is enough to provoke paroxysms of moral outrage. Except in derision, no one any longer dares to speak of the white man's burden, and few possess the courage to say that it was Europeans who created the greatest civilization yet known to man. It is, therefore, to the credit of Hedley Bull and Adam Watson that they acknowledge the fact that "the global international society of today is in large part the consequence of Europe's impact on the rest of the world over the last five centuries." Nevertheless, they leave no doubt that their own, highly qualified approval of Western expansion extends principally to the period 1500 to 1800, centuries during which the European powers made efforts to deal with non-Western states on a basis of "moral and legal equality."

In their judgment, the idea of European superiority that began to take firm hold during the more rapid expansion of the ensuing hundred years is "unfounded." They do not say *why* it is unfounded, on the assumption, I suppose, that only those who have not yet outgrown ethnocentrism would advance such a claim. On their own showing, however, it was the self-confident conviction of cultural preeminence that made possible the transformation of a loose international system into what they hail as a more integral international society.

But not all of the co-contributors share Bull and Watson's perspective. The specialists who have been given the task of describing the entry of non-Western states into the European world system are far from being persuaded that an international society has ever existed. Thomas Naff, for instance, offers a lucid account of the Ottoman Empire's step-by-step acceptance of European diplomatic protocol, but emphasizes that Turkish values, outlooks on life, and behavior patterns remained largely what they had been. Much the same could be said with respect to Japan. After the Meiji Restoration of 1868, the "secluded" Empire did indeed signal its intention to act in accord with European standards and in that way achieve equality and Great Power status. Once having succeeded, however, Japan turned on the West and launched a martial campaign to win "Asia for the Asians" that culmi-

Lee Congdon is author of The Young Lukács *(University of North Carolina Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nated in the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Only a few years later, the communists seized power in China, where, following the Opium War of 1839, Western powers had attempted to impose their conceptions of law and diplomacy. Forced to submit, the Chinese were never converted—witness outbreaks of xenophobia such as the Boxer Rebellion and, more recently, the "Cultural Revolution." Nor were the British able to exercise a transforming influence on India, as Gopal Krishna's defiantly anti-British essay indicates. There he takes Jawaharlal Nehru to task because the Indian leader's alleged hatred of war had its "source not in Gandhian influence but in the British tradition of radical rationalism." And although James Piscatori is eager to reassure us that Muslims are sincerely committed to Western principles of international conduct, he cites numerous reservations of the kind that served to alienate Iranians from a Westernizing Shah.

In retrospect, it is difficult to see how all of this could have been otherwise, for as Bull and Watson point out, the "European-dominated international society presupposed a Latin and Christian culture from which its rules and institutions derived and with the help of which they were reinforced." Except for some members of the elites, most of whom were educated in the West, few non-Westerners proved willing or able to adopt Christian-European culture; they had their own historically rooted religions, ways of thinking, and standards of behavior. As Watson himself observes in an admirable essay on Russia and Europe, Peter the Great's herculean efforts to Westernize his country met with only limited success. By the 19th century, Russia had become a member of the Concert of Europe, but the Great War and the Bolshevik Revolution soon changed that. The wartime government of Nicholas II renamed Sankt Pietersburg "Petrograd" and, after 1917, "the deep feelings of the Russian soldiers and peasants who [overthrew] the Romanov regime . . . rejected the West." To be sure, Russia too boasted a Christian culture, but its faith was of the East and it inspired an insistently anti-Western "Slavophilism" to which even Alexander Herzen, that remarkable 19th-century "Westernizer," eventually paid tribute. And so, in his own way, did Lenin, despite his debt to Marx and Engels. His Marxism was profoundly anti-Western and peculiarly compatible with oriental forms of despotism.

Nor did the Bolshevik challenge to Western dominance remain an isolated phenomenon. The catastrophic war undermined European self-confidence and opened the door to an anticolonial revolution that exploded in full fury after World War II, when Europe lay in physical and spiritual ruins. In the space of only two decades most of the peoples of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East gained their independence, with, it is well to remind ourselves, relatively little European opposition. Out of this hasty decolonization there emerged what Elie Kedourie, in one of the most intelligent essays in the book, calls the "new international disorder."

Bull and Watson, while conceding that Kedourie has a point, do not accept his pessimistic conclusions. They insist that international society, whatever its troubles, continues to exist and that a "cosmopolitan culture of modernity" is in the making. Unless, however, they have in mind a culture rooted in some vague form of pantheism, they can only be referring to secular culture. And even if we entertain the unlikely possibility that a great culture may be established on nonreligious foundations, it is still not obvious that secularization will prevail universally. In any event, the willing abandonment of Western, Christian culture is too high a price to pay for the mere appearance of international society.

For appearance is precisely what remains of the old European order. This must be evident to readers of Paul Sieghart's breathtakingly ingenuous book on "human rights." Beginning in 1945, when memories of Nazi inhumanity were still fresh, the United Nations and other international organizations promulgated nine "instruments"—declarations, covenants, conventions, and charters—that, taken together with some 20 treaties, constitute what Sieghart, "an international arbitrator and consultant," describes as an international legal code of human rights. Like the several instruments themselves, he appeals for philosophic support to the problematic theory of natural right, having learned nothing from Maurice Cranston's *What Are Human Rights?*, an insightful work he cites in his bibliography.

Sieghart refrains from commenting on the important distinction Cranston makes between positive law and moral aspiration. He is, however, outspoken in his refusal to rest content with such familiar inalienable rights as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, because he has persuaded himself that all of us have an inborn "right" to satisfy our appetites, material as well as moral. Non-Western states, he asserts with confidence, possess a "right to development" just as all men—and, need I say, all women—have a right to an "adequate" standard of living and "periodic holidays with pay." Toward one claim only does this rights peddler evince any skepticism—Locke's right to property. The assertion of such a right would embarrass socialist countries, and so, in the spirit of give and take, Sieghart suggests that property be treated as a qualified "regional human right," an absurd notion that could be advanced only by someone undisturbed by contradictions in terms.

The documents that Sieghart has appended to his mercifully brief text are replete with articles and provisions that bear little relationship to reality anywhere but in the West—where they are superfluous. According to the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights (1948), for example, "no one [Sakharov?] shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation." With a perfectly straight face, Sieghart informs us that the USSR "thought it prudent to abstain" from voting for or against the Declaration. But in a less guarded moment, or perhaps I should say a more contemptuous mood, the Soviets did initial the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (1976), according to which "no one [Solzhenitsyn?] shall be arbitrarily deprived of the right to enter his own country." Still worse, the International Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights (1976), which was designed to accommodate socialist countries, identifies "the right of everyone [the Poles?] to form trade unions and join the trade union of his choice." Even in this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respect, then, the record of the United States is superior to that of any communist or non-Western country, although, as Sieghart indignantly reports, it has not ratified any of the global or regional human rights treaties.

The U.S. has displayed good judgment in its refusal to ratify these treaties, as well as an awareness that each new document is more cynical than the last. This is so, I think, because the emphasis has begun to shift from Wilsonianism to Leninism, non-European ideologies both. Sieghart notes with satisfaction that the Wilsonian principle of the self-determination of all peoples has triumphed almost everywhere, at least on the surface; it does not occur to him, as it does to Kedourie, that "to upset all existing arrangements in order to make national self-determination the sole and overriding aim of all political action is a recipe for perpetual war."

Leninism, unfortunately, is at least as mischievous as Wilsonianism and now serves to define the anti-Western agenda. In *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism*, the Bolshevik leader wrote that "capitalism has grown into a world system of colonial oppression and of the financial strangulation of the overwhelming majority of the population of the world by a handful of 'advanced' countries." Emboldened by these inflammatory words, the African Charter on Human and Peoples' Rights (1981) speaks menacingly of the need to eliminate colonialism, neocolonialism, apartheid, and Zionism, and of the "duty to achieve the total liberation of Africa" by "any means recognized by the international community." This liberation, we are instructed, will entail the creation of a "New International Economic Order" that will be summoned into being by the massive transfer of resources from Western to non-Western countries. Such a transfer, many Africans and Asians insist, is justified because colonialism was and is responsible for the poverty of the former colonies. It is only, Ali Mazrui complains, because Africans live in a worldwide "capitalist prison" that their socialist experiments have all ended in failure.

Now this, as the excellent P.T. Bauer has demonstrated repeatedly, is simply not true. On the contrary, colonial rule promoted material progress, however much it eroded local values and customs in the process. What is more, the European empire, alone among world empires, was not by nature despotic. In fact, Europeans brought with them moral imperatives that inspired successful efforts to improve the well-being of the native peoples. Among other things, colonial governments established effective systems of law and order, modernized health services, and introduced new agricultural methods. As Adda Bozeman observes in her superb essay, the West may well be said "to have invented progress and reform."

But no matter. Most non-Western leaders earn what political capital they possess by clothing their actions in the ritualistic language of anticolonialism. And Soviet leaders nod publicly in agreement, notwithstanding the USSR's own, far less humane imperial record and its continuing war against the Afghans. Richard Löwenthal suggests that the belief in a basic anti-imperialist affinity between the Soviet Union and the former colonies may not survive that war, but thus far non-Western leaders have embraced the Soviets as allies not merely in the quest for economic advantage, and hence internal political power, but in the assault on Western values. That is one reason why Hindus and Islamic fundamentalists have often seen fit to make common cause with Moscow.

Even more alarming than the war presently being waged against the West by non-Western states and the Soviet Union is the eagerness with which so many Western intellectuals have joined in the attack. In the spirit of E.M. Forster, whose A *Passage to India* accused the British and flattered the Indians, significant numbers of our *clercs* are prepared to defend any non-Western demagogue, including Libya's treacherous dictator, Muammar Qaddafi, who vilifies the West. As Bozeman rightly observes, such seemingly inexplicable behavior is rooted in a profound sense of guilt, itself a product of a Christian conscience. In their longing for absolution, secularized intellectuals have made of politics a religion; they have convinced themselves that forgiveness can be had only by identifying with the Chosen People —not the proletariat of a single nation but all of those whom the late Frantz Fanon called the wretched of the earth.

If the West is to survive, its peoples will have to accept the fact that the fragile and short-lived international system of the 19th century is no longer in working order. The world is once again an anarchy of religions, cultures, and political orders, a place, as Kedourie puts it, in which "power is checked neither by law nor by scruple." Uppermost in his mind, no doubt, are the fanatical and cowardly terrorists for whom hatred of the West sanctifies any deed, however despicable. These barbarians pose a direct threat to a civilization that offers them access to the media and protection under the law.

Yet the peoples of the West will face a still greater danger if they fail to heed the warning José Ortega y Gasset issued more than 50 years ago: "Civilization is not 'just there,' it is not self-supporting. It is artificial and requires the artist or the artisan. If you want to make use of the advantages of civilization, but are not prepared to concern yourself with the upholding of civilization—you are done. In a trice you find yourself without civilization."

M·O·V·I·N·G·?

LET US KNOW BEFORE YOU GO!

To assure uninterrupted delivery of *Chronicles*, please notify us in advance. Send change of address on this form with the mailing label from your latest issue of *Chronicles* to: Subscription Department, *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, Illinois 61054.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters From Tocqueville *by John Lukacs*

"I am rich in letters. . . ."

—Horace Walpole

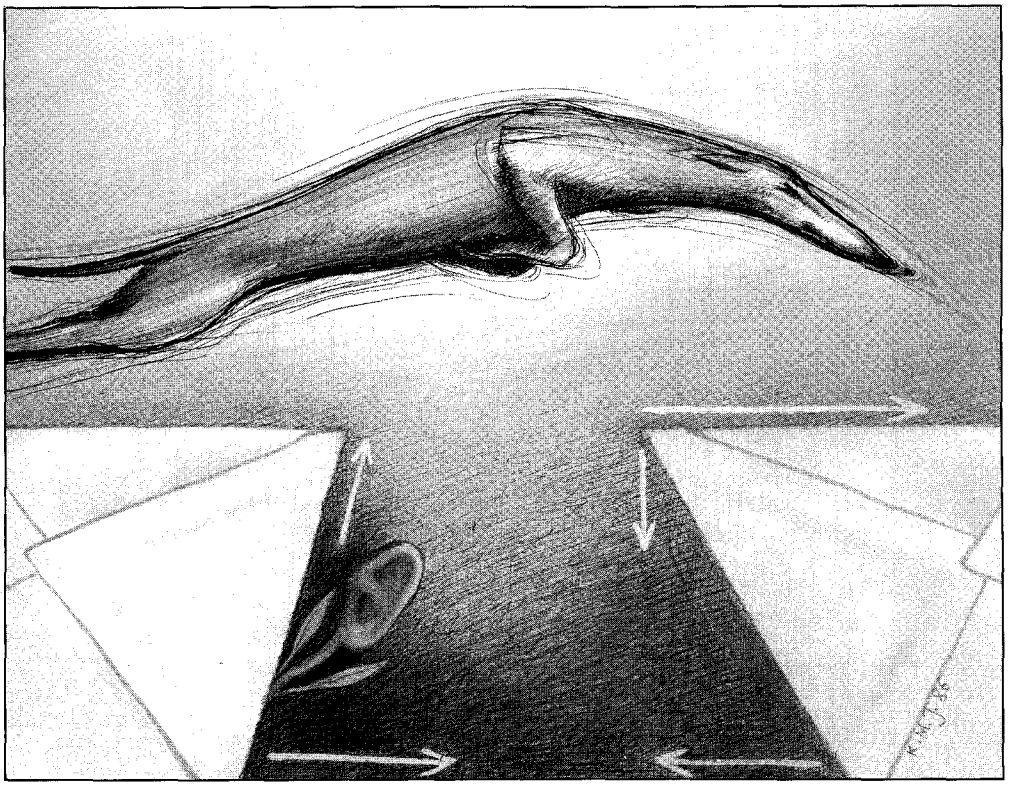
Alexis de Tocqueville: Selected Letters on Politics and Society, **edited by Roger Boesche; translated by James Toupin and Roger Boesche, Berkeley: University of California Press; $24.95.**

Alexis de Tocqueville was an immensely prolific writer. His friend Gustave de Beaumont wrote that "for one volume he published he wrote ten; and the notes he cast aside as intended only for himself would have served many writers as text for the printer." The publication of his collected works and letters began in Paris 35 years ago: 16 volumes have now been printed, but there are many more to come. His published works, besides *Democracy in America*, include his *Recollections* (of the year 1848) and his great unfinished history of the *Old Regime and the French Revolution*; in addition to numerous smaller booklets, articles, speeches, and the still unpublished memoranda, instructions, and dispatches that he composed during his short tenure (1849) as Foreign Minister of the Second French Republic.

He wrote many thousands of letters, some of which are still in the stocks of French manuscript dealers (two of them are in my possession). Thirty years ago, when I was engaged in serious research and writing about Tocqueville, I came to the conclusion that his letters may be as important as his books: perhaps not so much for the purposes of his eventual biographer but because we may find in his letters the expression of his thoughts and ideas about an immense variety of important themes that we cannot find elsewhere. I cannot even begin to list these themes: They include tremendous topics, ranging from Christianity to race, from Plato's mind to the limitations of the Newtonian system, from India and China to America and the prospects of the English-speaking world.

Correspondence was very important to him. He did not lead a very busy social life. For months he was fairly isolated in the manor of Tocqueville. He depended on his friends. He saw friendship as one of the greatest gifts in a man's life; toward his friends he was warmly emotional and sentimental. He needed their presence and their letters; they were a sounding-board for his ideas and opinions but not merely in a passive sense; he listened avidly to their opinions. Goethe once said that "to communicate our thoughts to others is nature; to assimilate what is communicated to us, with understanding, is culture." Alexis de Tocqueville was a good listener. There was another motive behind this tremendous correspondence. Tocqueville had a quick mind; and he was a born, that is, compulsive, writer. Letter-writing served him as a diary would another thinker, and in some of his letters we find the germ of ideas he would later develop in a book.

And now we have a selection of his letters, in English. Except for the early, unreliable, and heavily amended, deleted, and "corrected" edition of his letters in the Beaumont edition of his "collected works," published shortly after Tocqueville's death, this is the first chronological, not topical, selection of the letters. (The volumes in the *Oeuvres Complètes* are organized according to their recipients, or to their general contents. So was my publication of the Tocqueville-Gobineau correspondence in 1959.) A reviewer in *The New Republic* praised the chronological approach, saying that in this way we get a more rounded picture of Tocqueville's person. He was wrong. The editors of this volume themselves make bold to say that "this volume of selected letters offers a more complete picture of Tocqueville than previously available." They are wrong. Their book is premature, inadequate, imperfect, and sloppy. Their mistakes and mistranslations run into hundreds. They do not know French well enough: A *cabaret* is not a cabaret but a low-class wine-shop; an *idée-mère* is



John Lukacs is professor of history at Chestnut Hill College. His most recent book is Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century *(Doubleday).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not a "mother-idea"; *Ancône* is the city of Ancona; *Clélie* is the heroine of a novel by Mlle. Scudéry. They print and "translate" such things without explanation, while at the same time they print hundreds of words in unnecessary footnotes telling the American reader who Guizot or Napoleon III were. They do not know English well enough: They write such phrases as "at this point in time" and use "presently" when they mean "at present." They chose to retranslate some of Tocqueville's letters of which English translations exist; in nearly every case this was unnecessary, since the previous translations are better and clearer than theirs. In many other places, their translation is tone-deaf. Of the thousands of Tocqueville letters, they selected 104, some of which are wholly without importance (no. 2, for example, to Louis de Kergorlay, in which Tocqueville lists his expenses on a forthcoming trip, including his pocket money). In sum, the impression and reflection of Tocqueville in this volume is fragmentary, and the contents are often dull.

Inseparable, alas, from these shortcomings of the editors is their inability to understand Tocqueville's thinking. "One searches in vain in Tocqueville's published writings for any systematic discussion of the philosophical basis for his personal ethical positions," they write. What nonsense this is. Had they known Tocqueville better, they would have understood his profound mistrust for philosophical "systems." Tocqueville was an existential and historical thinker: the opposite of an abstract categorizer or systematist. To write, as Boesche and Toupin do, that Tocqueville was "occasionally longing for a quiet middle-class life of financial security" is to misunderstand him completely. Yes, Tocqueville wished he had a little more financial security; but he had the aristocrat's contempt for the exaggerated importance that so many people attribute to money. Religion was very important to Tocqueville. These editors fail to comprehend the meaning of this (and the evolution of Tocqueville's relationship to the Catholic church), relying as they do on the superficial remarks by Tocqueville's liberal commentators. A last example will demonstrate the superficiality of their edition. In a long footnote on page 3 of their Introduction, they write: "Recent biographies tend to be good but too short whereas turn-of-the-century biographies tend to be tedious and tainted by an urge to claim Tocqueville for the Catholic church." There were *no* such Tocqueville biographies at the turn of the century. In Antoine Redier's *Comme disait Monsieur de Tocqueville* there *is* a chapter about Tocqueville's last days; but, as Boesche and Toupin write in the footnote, that book was published in 1925. This is, alas, typical of the quality and of the scholarship of this volume.

Yet I write this review not only for the purpose of *caveat emptor* but to advise readers: There is so much more of Tocqueville that we ought to know.

There are many topics in the subchapters and chapters of his published works that have not yet received the attention they deserve; and the contents of many of his letters amount to an immense mine of themes. The *idearium* of Tocqueville—as well as his solid and detailed biography—is yet to be written.

Germania Tremens *by Arthur M. Eckstein*

"What wonders I have done, all Germany can witness. . . . "

—Christopher Marlowe

***Germany Today* by Walter Laqueur, Boston: Little, Brown; $19.95.**

***On Writing and Politics, 1967-1983* by Günter Grass; translated by Ralph Manheim, San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $16.95.**

Anyone who has lived in Germany eventually realizes that Germany is a nation of hypochondriacs. Germans spend far more than Americans on nostrums, vitamins, tranquilizers, and elixers; Americans may watch "Dynasty," but the most popular TV show in the Federal Republic is "Black Forest Clinic." A similar obsession prevails in politics: Germans are always questioning the health of their society and their politics, just as they constantly question the health of their bodies. What they usually examine themselves for now, of course, is political instability and the antidemocratic disease. Given their history, this is hardly surprising. And the Germans' political hypochondria is catching: it soon affects outside observers of the German scene. This is hardly surprising, either. The Germans' political past, and their vital importance to the Western alliance, makes obsession with the political and social health of the country understandable. The problem, however, is to know when the hypochondriac is really sick: Luther, after all, terrified his audiences with the prediction that society was so iniquitous that the Day of Judgment would come before the end of summer 1541.

In *Germany Today*, Walter Laqueur gives the Federal Republic his own close examination. Born and reared in Germany, Laqueur has written much first-rate work on German history. He is also a leading neoconservative thinker who has been much concerned with the direction Europe has been taking ever since the 1970's. *Germany Today* is a beautifully written and almost encyclopedic description of the condition of the Federal Republic as it stood in 1982-1984.

Laqueur ends up giving the West Germans an almost clean bill of health. Or rather, assertions of basic political, social, economic, and cultural health are placed at the beginning and end of chapters whose con-

Arthur Eckstein is professor of history at the University of Maryland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tent, to some readers, will not seem all that encouraging. Space precludes more than a few examples.

One of the best essays in *Germany Today* is Laqueur's chapter on what he calls "the cultural revolution": that is, the sea-change in the perception of bourgeois-democratic society and values among the West German cultural elite. The radicals' "Generation of 1968" utterly failed to shift German society off its bourgeois-democratic base politically, but in the sphere of education and culture its triumph has been just about complete. The administration of universities and secondary schools was "democratized," curriculums were watered down, radical graduate students were "bought off" with well-paying jobs within the system. But many of the latter are now tenured professors (often on the basis of very shoddy work) in a system that allows tenured professors enormous power. And these people have absolutely no scruples about using their power to indoctrinate students: as a radical British academic once put it, "the phrase 'scholarly objectivity' is a powerful weapon of bourgeois class domination." The result is what the older generation calls the *Bildungskatastrophe*: sharply falling standards of educational accomplishment mixed with highly politicized pedagogy.

Well, how important really are the politics of the German professoriat? The answer, of course, is that they are the people responsible for training the next generation of leaders of the country. That next generation is being taught (for instance) that the Marshall Plan was simply a plot of American big business to capture postwar European markets. It is being taught that the greatest threat to Germany is American world policy and American cultural imperialism. (The left-wing ideologist Thomas Schmid fumes at the "imperialist de-Nazification of the god-damn Yankees who have prescribed democracy for our country.")

That next generation is also being taught that bourgeois-democratic society, politics, and values trivialize all of life and life's emotions, whereas the revolutionary moment is being held up as a shining example of "wholeness" and "authenticity." In 1982 two leaders of the Green Party were moved to declare: "We entered [Qaddafi's] tent reverently and paid rapt attention to his words. In contrast to the petty-bourgeois fussiness of our own *Bundeskanzler* [Helmut Schmidt], Qaddafi radiates a ceremonial dignity." Finally, the next generation is being taught that unilateral disarmament and withdrawal from the Western alliance is Germany's one route to safety in an irrational world. As far as the Soviet Union is concerned, what is necessary is *Entfeindung*: getting rid of the image, indeed, the very concept, of an enemy.

Yet even as he chronicles in detail this upheaval in German educational-social values, Laqueur urges us not to worry overmuch. Youth revolt is a German generational constant, and the youth in revolt usually ends up settling down to becoming a solid, useful citizen. Final judgment ought to be reserved on the generation that produced the huge antidefense protests of 1983—and even on the Generation of 1968, since hardly any of them supported the overthrow of German bourgeois society by violence, as advocated by the Baader-Meinhoff terrorists of the 70's. Moreover, the very fact that the German economy is currently going through difficult times militates against the growth of radicalism among the young, because many more young people have become concerned simply with economic survival (getting a job). Perhaps Laqueur is right: a recent article in the *New York Times* reported on a new, conservative trend among the youth of the Federal Republic. It is often the fate of professors not to be listened to.

When we turn from the educational-cultural scene to politics, Laqueur is similarly sanguine. He discounts the importance of the Green Party, doubts the Party's staying power. Indeed, already since the publication of *Germany Today*, the Greens have become split between those who are willing to work within the system and form strong alliances with the established Social Democratic Party (the *old* left wing), and those who see this as a betrayal of radical purity. Given the bitterness of the split within the Greens, they may not even continue to receive the necessary votes for representation in the Federal Parliament. Yet the very existence of the Greens has shifted the Social Democrats themselves radically further to the left. Laqueur plays down the fevered anti-NATO statements of new Social Democratic leaders like Egon Bahr and Oscar Lafontaine as rhetorical ploys. Like the words of the Generation of 1968, they will never be matched by real deeds. No matter what they are saying now, if the Social Democrats ever come back into power (as they *were* in power, throughout the 70's), they will act responsibly, for they will then be the government. Meanwhile, the more conservative Christian Democratic Union, the old party of Konrad Adenauer, remains in control of West German policy. The Christian Democrats, under Chancellor Helmut Kohl, are a stodgy and unimaginative lot. They have little appeal to the young (which raises questions about the ultimate future of the party), but their political power is still substantial among the middle classes, and they may well remain the government for a long time to come.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Laqueur therefore sees a political situation bearing significant signs of stability. In fact, the West Germans have done far better, over four decades, than anyone had a right to expect. This latter point is illuminating, important, and encouraging. Nevertheless, *Germany Today* consistently delineates what may be deep structural changes in German politics, society, and (especially) intellectual culture—dangerous changes, with possible very negative long-range impact. We can't know for certain (it's difficult to discern when the hypochondriac is really ill), but while reading this book I sometimes had a sense of *après Kohl le déluge*.

Despite Walter Laqueur's optimistic prognosis for German political, social, and cultural health, any sense of foreboding about developments in the Federal Republic will only be increased by reading Günter Grass's latest collection of essays: *On Writing and Politics, 1967-1983*.

Günter Grass is one of the two writers who has dominated the German intellectual scene since the 1960's (the other colossus is the Nobel Prize winning Heinrich Böll). Grass's prominence gives his utterances an enormous impact on the German political-cultural scene. Grass's most celebrated work is the anti-Nazi novel *The Tin Drum*, and he has been a leader among German intellectuals in fully accepting the guilt for the Nazi past ("I was 17 in 1945, too young to participate in the crimes, innocent through no fault of my own"). By the 1960's, Grass had also emerged as a leading, truly democratic socialist thinker. Though as a participant in the intellectual culture he was naturally alienated from the prosperous bourgeois Germany of the *Wirtschaftswunder* ("banal and empty"), he was also scaldingly hostile to Communist totalitarianism and contemptuous as well of the apocalyptic, amateur radicalism of the Generation of 1968. Instead of radicalism, Grass espoused sober and gradual reform by means of hard work within the system—the democratic system of the Federal Republic, the Social Democratic Party of Willy Brandt.

The single best essay in the current collection comes from this period. In "Erfurt 1891 and 1970," Grass proudly accepts the title "revisionist." He points out that the bitter epithet "revisionist" was first used by Marxist revolutionaries to attack the reform-minded socialist thinker Eduard Bernstein. The basis of Bernstein's "Erfurt Program" was the realization that capitalism was compatible with democratic change and that it was adaptable to workers' demands: violent revolution was therefore unnecessary. The Erfurt Program thus marked an epochal split in the European left between violent revolutionaries and democratic reformers, a split that has endured down to our own day. "Erfurt 1891 and 1970" is a hymn of praise to Bernstein—a man who, as Grass pointedly remarks, was also one of the earliest and most perceptive critics of Leninist atrocities.

This vigorous and thoughtful essay, and others like it, were written under the combined impact of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia (1968) and the electoral triumph of the Social Democrats in Germany (1969). Yet even here, it is striking that Grass never even tries to deal with the basic self-contradiction that even a "democratic" socialist regime implies a huge increase in the power of the state over society and the individual, which is something that Grass clearly opposes. His socialist vision therefore remains a mere romantic blur.

What is disturbing about *On Writing and Politics* is to see how this retreat into romanticism and away from sober practical politics *accelerates* over time. During the 1970's, Grass seems to have *lost* his earlier appreciation of and patience with the democratic process of the Federal Republic; he became instead an increasingly hysterical apocalyptist (pollution, technology, technocracy, above all, the Bomb). Laqueur suggests that at least one reason for Grass's change of heart was the replacement of Willy Brandt by Helmut Schmidt as head of the Social Democrats: Brandt respected the intellectuals, sought their advice, and even occasionally followed it; Schmidt did not.

Whatever the cause of Grass's radicalization, the effect is all too obvious in these essays. During the 1970's Grass became one of the leading West German proponents of moral equivalence. At first, Grass held this position on the grounds that the West, for reasons of "security," sometimes supports unsavory, undemocratic regimes. In a 1973 essay, Grass equates the Greece of the Colonels and Franco Spain with the Czechoslovakia of Gustav Husak. But as we all know, Greece and Spain both reverted to democracy in the mid-1970's, while the Czech regime has not loosened its totalitarian grip.

Yet such developments did not disturb Grass's belief in "moral equivalence"—they just meant that his *grounds* for that belief had to shift somewhat. The shift: Grass now began to devalue the reality and importance of "formal democracy" itself. Thus in a 1983 essay, Grass holds that West and East are morally equivalent because the *potential* "dictatorship" of a computerized Western society equals the actual police-state totalitarianism east of the Elbe. Again, Grass equates the 1983 electoral victory of Helmut Kohl's conservatives with the coming of the society of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* to the Federal Republic. But such essays are worse than childish. When a great writer chooses the 10th anniversary of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia to say that "the two technocracies" are the morally equal executors of the vision of Franz Kafka, we are dealing with a man who has lost his moral compass.

The moral and intellectual degeneration is most glaringly apparent in Grass's discussion of Nicaragua, which closes *On Writing and Politics*. Written in 1982—immediately after the crushing of Solidarity by the Polish Communist government—this essay actually equates Solidarity with the Sandinista regime: both, you see, are basically peaceful Catholic socialist movements. Similarly, Grass equates American support of anti-Sandinista forces with the Communist suppression of *Solidarnosc*. Like Geraldine Ferraro in her 1984 TV debate with George Bush, Grass believes that all the Sandinistas need is help towards a democracy they fervently desire but are inexplicably blundering away from. He fails to see that what the Communists did to Solidarity is what the Sandinistas themselves are *trying* to do to the independent Nicaraguan labor movement, a movement which was an integral part of the original

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nicaraguan revolution. He even knows that the Sandinistas officially *approved* of the crushing of Solidarity, but this is glossed over as a strange "misunderstanding" on their part.

It is hard to believe that this appalling (and one suspects willful) naiveté towards a Leninist regime would have been shared for very long by Grass's earlier hero, Eduard Bernstein. Indeed, Grass in this essay becomes a political pilgrim of the worst sort, gushing over a show-prison in Managua of the type that existed in Moscow in 1933 and Havana in 1963, gushing over the show-camps built to house the "displaced" Miskito Indians. Nor has Grass's attitude been changed by the eventual total suppression of civil rights in Nicaragua. On the contrary: in January 1986 he took the lead in welcoming Omar Cabezas, the Sandinista Minister of the Interior, to an international writers' conference in New York (Cabezas is partially responsible for the functioning of the Sandinistas' censorship system). It would seem that, having lost faith and patience in staid democratic reform, Grass has finally fallen in love with the delirium of Revolution. In other words, he has become precisely the sort of irresponsible left-wing *littérateur* he was warning us against in the late 60's. And, like many on the German left, he is now explicit that he wants the Federal Republic to withdraw from NATO. Neutralism, of course, is the ultimate *political* effect of the theory of "moral equivalence" —which is why "moral equivalence" is more than just a bitter joke, but something very dangerous indeed.

When West German intellectuals lose faith in the sober democracy of the Federal Republic and become apologists for totalitarianism, then the observers of the West German scene are justified in expressing concern for the future. Unfortunately, neutralism, irrational though it is, has become in some European quarters a means of national self-assertion (this is certainly true in Grass's case). If the neutralist trend continues, as Grass hopes, then prospects for the West seem bleak. Alienated and "romantic" intellectuals who no longer thought "formal democracy" worth defending were among the foremost gravediggers of the Weimar Republic.

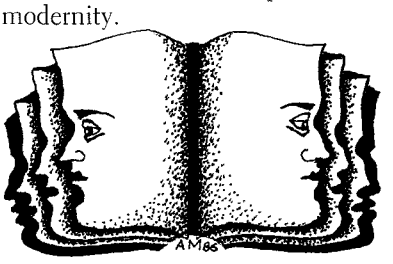
REVISIONS

My America, My New-Found-Land

They are all gone now, or almost, the practitioners of the *American* novel, by which we used to mean more than novels written by people who happened to have been born in the USA. Unlike the best novels of England and France, most of the masterpieces of American fiction were explorations, sometimes self-conscious, of the American experience. Some of them are still read: Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Hemingway's Nick Adams stories, and the very self-conscious (and interminable) *An American Tragedy*. The authors were not always kind—Sinclair Lewis should have been tarred and feathered by a mob of Midwestern Rotarians—but the best of them were, like Mark Twain, critically affectionate. Two of the best American novels are back in print, courtesy of Arbor House's Contemporary Americana Series: Booth Tarkington's *The Magnificent Ambersons* and Glenway Wescott's *The Grandmothers*.

If I had to play the game of "who's the most important" (really, "who's your favorite") novelist, my vote might have to go to Tarkington. Fitzgerald marveled at his facility, and it is still astonishing to realize how good even an unknown novel like *Mirthful Haven* can be. In *The Magnificent Ambersons*, Tarkington managed to exploit several of the great themes of his fiction: the collapse of the old American order, the rise of an energetic (and in some ways admirable) plutocracy, the evil that results from confusing class with virtue, and the possibility of redemption not just by love but by honesty. Orson Welles's superb film version is still only a pallid reflection of the novel's richness and power. If there is a "great American novel," this is it, and it should be required reading, along with the Constitution, for aspiring citizens.

Wescott's *The Grandmothers* is an exquisitely wrought gem of a book. With the rise of roots-searching in America, this brilliant attempt to make sense of family history should receive a new lease on life. In a brief but intelligent introduction, John Aldridge observes that Wescott's modern readers "have largely lost the concrete sense of past history and family history which he possessed, lost it amid the overwhelming distractions of the present and our fearful preoccupations with the future." *The Grandmothers* remains an aesthetic antidote to the poisons of modernity.



Other novels in the series include Hamilton Basso's *The View From Pompey's Head*, Conrad Aiken's *Great Circle*, James Purdy's *In a Shallow Grave*. Less impressive choices are the influential but James Jonesian *Confessions of a Spent Youth* by Vance Bourjailly, Daniel Stern's fashionably pretentious *The Suicide Academy*, Richard Stern's disgusting wish-fulfillment novel, *Other Men's Daughters* (attractive college girl seduces brilliant professor—just what these academic child-molesters needed to hear), and assorted fluff by the likes of Terry Southern, Norman Mailer, and Meyer Levin. If anyone at Arbor House is listening, we are grateful for what they are doing and would suggest adding several more Tarkingtons, especially *The Plutocrat*, Wescott's *Goodbye Wisconsin*, Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore*, and *The Virginian*, and reaching even farther into the past and obscurity, something by the once highly regarded Edward Eggleston.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rendering Unto Caesar *by Daniel J. O'Neil*

"Parnell came down the road, he said to a cheering man:
'Ireland shall get her freedom and you shall break stone.'"

—W. Yeats

Theologians Under Hitler by Robert P. Ericksen, New Haven and London: Yale University Press.

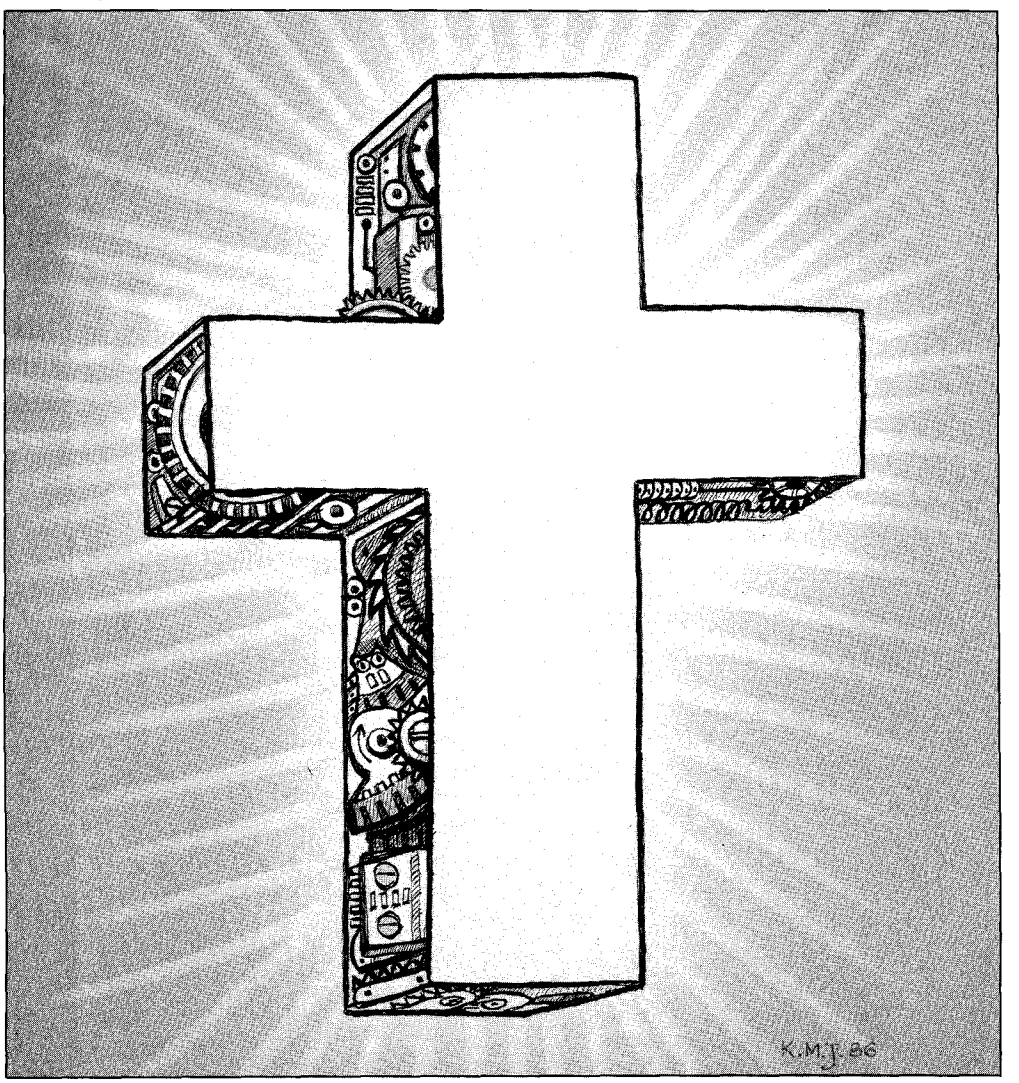
That some Protestant theologians meshed Christianity with Nazism and became ardent supporters of Hitler should surprise no one familiar with the activities of theologians who support a Marxist-Leninism dedicated to destruction of religion.

Robert Ericksen focuses upon the careers and writings of three pro-Nazi theologians in order to understand their gospel and their motivation. He examines the records of Gerhard Kittel, Paul Althaus, and Emanuel Hirsh. Each was a scholar who had acquired a reputation before the dawn of Hitler's National Socialism. Kittel was a student of Judaism, Althaus a Luther scholar, and Hirsh a Kierkegaard scholar. Each in his own way embraced National Socialism and contributed to Nazi legitimacy.

In focusing on the churchmen, Ericksen portrays men of conservative family background and limited foreign contact who had reacted to the 19th-century rationalist critique of Christianity. They were strongly influenced by the trauma of World War I. They suffered through the humiliating German defeat, the disintegration of a comfortable world, and the chaos of Weimar. All three had witnessed the massive unemployment and the inflation that destroyed a large part of the middle class. Each was greatly affected by the revolution of modernity with its unwelcome secularization, pluralism, and democracy. Each sought a national revitalization rooted in Christianity. Alliance with National Socialism seemed a remedy.

But there were many who had experienced the same upbringing, who had witnessed the same derangement, and yet did not join the Nazis. In fact, the leading domestic opponents of Hitler usually came from a similar milieu. A disproportionate percentage of the ethnic German dissenters were religiously motivated. Germany had its Deutsche Christen movement, but it also had its Christian martyrs. Although the record of the German churches leaves much to be desired, it seems less barren when viewed comparatively. The churches provided considerably more opposition than the business community, the universities, the media establishment, the trade unions, or the traditional political parties. Only the churches maintained some autonomy within Nazi Germany, which explains their importance to the reconstruction of postwar Germany. Out of the religious opposition would emerge the ecumenical spirit that would bear fruit in the 60's. Still, if heroic martyrdom was expected of the Churches, they were not prepared to play that part.

There is a vast literature that attempts to explain the Hitler experience. Works have stressed the charismatic appeal of Hitler, the cultural vulnerability of German society, and "German psychopathology." Some have cited the uniqueness of the Nazi experience while others have placed it in a historical/comparative perspec-



Daniel J. O'Neil is associate professor of political science at the University of Arizona, Tucson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive. Marxists interpreted Nazism as the last gasp of capitalism, anti-German polemicists condemned it as endemic to German character, and others saw it as exaggerated nationalism.

There are many reasons for studying Nazi Germany 40 years after its demise. One is that many post-World War II societies, as unstable as Weimar Germany, are tempted by totalitarian movements. Like Germany, many of the new countries achieved national identity fairly late in world history, and only with great difficulty. The ruling elites had simultaneously to build nations, to build states, and to satisfy economic needs raised by media exposure to the more affluent world. There existed what political scientists refer to as "systemic overload." Mass unemployment and staggering inflation have persisted. The break with tradition—i.e., extended family, rural environment, numerous psychic supports and certitudes—means no refuge for many. The onslaught of modernity with its appeal to reason and science, its secularity, and its pluralism of alternatives is confusing and disorienting. Emerging societies are especially vulnerable to panaceas.

Regimes not unlike German National Socialism have appeared in numerous decolonized regions. Although they never label themselves Nazi or fascist, they possess the relevant characteristics. They center around an all-powerful charismatic leader who claims to personify the nation and who cites a litany of wrongs due to some foreign demonology. They purport to blend nationalism with socialism, promising the evolution of a "new man" and social justice. They stress the temporary necessity of the cult of violence. They engage in massive regimentation, tolerate one official political party, eliminate autonomous interest groups, and control the media. They ruthlessly eliminate their enemies and suspected enemies. They control politics, economics, and culture. They have so far failed to act on the Nazi scale of evil more because of their lack of technological sophistication than because of their intent.

The Marxist-Christian syncretism labeled Liberation Theology has been especially attractive to certain elites in Third World societies. Christianity, being an incarnational religion, is rich in syncretism. As it moved from its Jewish origin, it borrowed from the cultures it encountered. Quite early it explained its mysteries in the language of Greek philosophy. Later it co-opted Roman legal and bureaucratic structures. But syncretism has its limits; there is always the temptation to link Christianity with the latest fad. A mixture might be conjured that ceases to be Christian. If, as the Reformers charged, the Renaissance Church was more pagan than Christian, Ericksen suggests that the Nazi theologians were more Nazi than Christian. Today the latest exercise in syncretism—Liberation Theology—is subjected to a similar charge.

Most clergy are genuinely concerned about improving the lot of the poor. Often they have led sheltered lives and are genuinely shocked by their first confrontation with poverty. The most prominent liberation theologians come from the traditional ruling class and were educated abroad. Assuming affluence to be the natural condition of man, they are appalled by what they see in the Third World. They rarely understand the cultural roots of wealth that have been uncovered by Max Weber, Edward Banfield, and Lucien Pye: a cohesive family system, a view of work as vocation, discipline, a willingness to sacrifice today for future gratification, and a general honesty. Societies lacking these cultural underpinnings are doomed to poverty despite the slogans and ideologies spewed by the ruling politicians. Oblivious of this persuasive cultural interpretation, the liberation theologians instead embrace the Leninist theory of imperialism, which blames the successful for Third World poverty and encourages a spirit of secular guilt.

The liberation theologians have embraced the cult of the relevant. Christianity must adapt to modernity. This time the church must not oppose inevitable revolution. It must accommodate change and become progressive. Its traditional concern with the transcendent, the spiritual, and individual transformation is but obscurantism. The mystery and mysticism must be rejected or directed toward a mundane objective. There must be quick results in this world.

It is difficult to forgive, or presume to forgive, Ericksen's Nazi theologians. Their apology for a pagan, totalitarian ideology is a scandal to Christian believers. To mitigate their guilt, however, it might be noted that Hitler represented a "first." There was no precedent to warn them in their naiveté. Italy's fascism was little more than traditional authoritarianism and vastly different from German National Socialism. The Germans had to learn through error and through other peoples' suffering. (Little did they suspect that Hitler was literal in espousing his Final Solution.) In contrast, the liberation theologians can look back on a variety of Marxist-Leninist experiments. They can see clearly the regimentation, the Gulags, the persecution of religious communities, the mass emigrations, and the economic chaos. Future generations may not be any kinder to Boff, Gutierrez, and Cardenal than we are to Kittel, Althaus, and Hirsh.

BOOKS IN BRIEF-FROM PARIS TO PRETORIA

International Social Science: The UNESCO Experience by Peter Lengyel, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction; $9.95. An Australian economist with UNESCO for 30 years tells how ideology and mismanagement gradually destroyed the agency's social science program.

Dispensations: The Future of South Africa as South Africans See It by Richard John Neuhaus, Grand Rapids, MI: William B. Eerdmans; $16.95. By interviewing key figures from across the South African spectrum—from Afrikaner conservatives to Xhosa and Zulu radicals—Neuhaus paints a much more complete picture of a troubled land than is usually offered in the American media.

Third World Ideology and Western Reality: Manufacturing Political Myth by Carlos Rangel with foreword by Jean-Francois Revel, New Brunswick, NJ: Transaction Books; $19.95. An important contribution to the North/South debate by a prominent Venezuelan journalist. Rangel portrays Third Worlder ideology as nothing more than a "socialism of last resort" whose emotional appeal is as strong among disaffected Westerners as it is among Third World revolutionaries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Epigones of the Lost Generation

by Carl C. Curtis

After the Lost Generation **by John W. Aldridge, New York: Arbor House; $6.95.**

Near the end of this fine book, John Aldridge observes: "The history of the period from 1890, roughly, to 1940 might . . . have been the history of the disappearance of the novel as an art form in society. . . . Yet there has seldom if ever been a time when more novels of distinction as well as novels of more distinction have been produced or when writers have been more intent on exploiting and extending the possibilities of the novel as an art form."

This statement, which might seem a contradiction, really falls in line with what we have come to accept as orthodox 20th-century literary history. The novel, as men had known it in the days of Dickens and Trollope, was produced in a world where men ardently believed that the triumph of justice and goodness depended primarily on the solicitude of just and good men; the form itself existed to facilitate the practice of these virtues. That confidence persisted through the 19th century. It receded from the minds of men between the time of Arnold and the end of World War I, when men first began to question and then to reject the view of nature underlying the traditional position.

In this intellectual climate, the novel went through two major transformations: one leading the novelist away from the dead world of society and shared values into one of private consciousness (Joyce, Conrad, and Woolf), the other turning away from the old morality toward the pronouncement of new attitudes of social protest and nihilistic rebellion (Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and Dos Passos).

It is to this last group that Aldridge devotes roughly one-third of his book. The Lost Generation writers could not bring themselves to adopt the traditional stance of the novelist for the obvious reason that the values that had animated their literary ancestors did not impress them as real. They were determined, therefore, to smash idols, and smash they did. Even if their books had not been good, their ability to write in the very teeth of a hostile tradition would be reason enough to grant them our grudging respect. But what books they were! *U.S.A.*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *The Great Gatsby* were stunning achievements that moved a generation of young intellectuals in the 1920's and 30's and still move readers today, albeit in a different way.

Yet granting their talent, one must question whether the immediate effects of the Lost Generation were for the best. Perhaps more adeptly than any other group of revolutionary artists before them, they succeeded in destroying the assumptions that underlay their civilization, and in doing so left the next generation with nothing to believe in. Clearly they did their job too well, with effects that can be seen if we compare them with their successors. The young men who marched off to World War I did so idealistically chanting the phrases of Woodrow Wilson. Their youthful successors, weaned on *A Farewell to Arms* and *Three Soldiers*, approached the next war with the jaded attitude of aged prostitutes. Life with all its ideals was simply false, and all it could offer them was an early grave in war or a late grave in peace. Arguments for the superiority of democracy over totalitarianism did not interest them and do not appear in their postwar novels, except as the platitudes of hypocritical, self-serving officers.

To a disconcerting but perceptible degree, this cynicism emerges in Aldridge's critical commentary. More than once he refers to the upper echelons of the Allied armies as Fascist, as if their opposition to Mussolini and Hitler was some hideous conspiracy. But Aldridge primarily focuses his criticisms on the hollowness of the Vidals, Mailers, Shaws, and Millers (only Vance Bourjailly escapes with sympathetic treatment). These writers were remarkably prolific and usually sold well. Yet something was missing. As Aldridge observes, their novels tend to be either insipid and hopelessly contrived exercises in myth and symbol (Frederick Buechner's *A Long Day's Dying*) or journalistic ventures masquerading as novels (Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*). Whatever they are, they are not literature—not in the older mode of the 19th century, since they lack moral perspective and since they display neither the revolutionary form nor the inner consistency that characterized the works of the Lost Generation. Beyond that, these authors present a cheap and trivial world beyond human endurance (even Hemingway, for my money the most cynical of the Lost Generation, could not be charged with that).

Originally published in 1951, *After the Lost Generation* remains worthwhile reading, with insights as fresh as the day they were made. One may not go along with all of Aldridge's conclusions (though I found myself in agreement more often than not), but he will close this book with a clearer understanding of the deficiencies of the writers of the early 50's, with the satisfaction of having encountered an acute and critical mind, and with the confidence that he needn't waste his money on a group of authors who are not worth anyone's time.

Carl C. Curtis is assistant professor of English at Liberty University.

From Jeb and Abigail

Manuscripts: The First Twenty Years**, edited by Priscilla S. Taylor; coedited by Norbert E. Klingelhofer, Kenneth W. Rendell, and John M. Taylor, Westport, CT: Greenwood Press.**

"The sin against the spirit of a work always begins with a sin against its letter," thought Igor Stravinsky. The editors of this anthology have collected more than 50 essays and notes from the journal *Manuscripts*, dealing with literary and historical documents from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

medieval to modern times from England and America. There are letters from Jeb Stuart and Abigail Adams, documents dealing with Gilbert and Sullivan and FDR. These essays will delight and beguile the pedantic and precise, the lover of the factual and detailed. (ECK)

Going Back to Charleston

***Intellectual Life in Antebellum Charleston*, edited by Michael O'Brien and David Moltke-Hansen, Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press; $45.00.**

The United States were once precisely that, a union of unique and independent states—each making its own literary and intellectual contribution to the national experience. Of these states, none was so peculiar as South Carolina, and for much of its intellectual history, South Carolina was Charleston. In the generation before The War, Charleston was in the process of becoming something like a regional literary capital presided over by novelist William Gilmore Simms and the statesman and essayist Hugh Legaré, although the most enduring productions may be a few poems of Henry Timrod.

Despite the historical significance of the subject, *Intellectual Life in Antebellum Charleston* represents the first serious attempt to put the Charleston literary scene in focus. This well-conceived and carefully edited volume includes essays on Simms and Legaré (although not Timrod), such 18th-century notables as David Ramsay and Charles Pinckney, as well as lesser figures like Christopher Memminger and the famous (in Charleston) wit, Judge Petigru. There are also general discussions of classicism in Charleston and the town-versus-country theme in women's novels. The volume is worth having if only for a few very solid essays: Michael O'Brien's forceful and lively treatment of Legaré, Richard Lounsbury's analysis of "Charlestonian intellectuals and their classics," and David Moltke-Hansen's lucid survey that serves as an introduction.

A few of the contributions, unfortunately, exhibit the signs of narrow specialization. Steven Stowe manages to convey the impression that the ancient conflict between town and country mice was invented in Charleston. (On this point he might have consulted either Lounsbury or Theodore Rosengarten, whose thorough discussion of "The Southern Agriculturalist" includes the observation, "The country's distrust of the city is a very old tradition.") He also engages in the deplorable "what if" generalizations so common among feminist social historians:

> But the bonds of feeling and expression between women and men . . . were stretched thinner and more precariously across a deep misgiving about social life. It was a misgiving about whether the separate realms of the sexes, in dividing up social reality, splintered social reality.

As ever, slovenly syntax and mixed metaphor betray the confused mind. Fortunately, few of the contributors to this significant symposium are subject to fits of ideological posturing. For the most part, they are sound scholars who succeed in combining original research with the broader approach of intellectual history. If they have a fault, it is perhaps this: most of them (with the exception of Lacy Ford and Moltke-Hansen) seem to be writing from *outside* the Southern tradition rather than within it.

Alas for the South. . . . No one interested in American intellectual history can afford to neglect Charleston's contribution now that so good a start has been made at exploring this unknown territory. (TF)

Journalists and Other Turncoats

by John Romjue

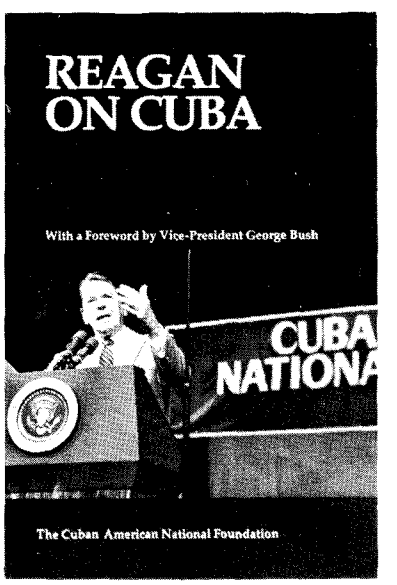
***Conversations With the Enemy: The Story of PFC Robert Garwood* by Winston Groom and Duncan Spencer, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.**

America's journalists enjoyed their finest hour during Vietnam—indulging in reporting that overwhelmed all objective presentation of American military action. A recent book about Robert Garwood by two former reporters for the *Washington Star* suggests that our newspapermen are not done yet.

Marine Private First Class Robert Garwood, captured by the Vietcong in 1963 and released by his North Vietnamese masters in 1979, was the only American prisoner of war brought to trial by the Department of Defense for collaboration with the enemy. In 1981 a military court at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, found Garwood guilty of collaboration and physical maltreatment of an American prisoner, and dismissed him from the service.

During the trial, seven former Vietnam POW's who had known Garwood in the camps took the stand. All testified for the prosecution, none for Garwood. Their judgment of the "white Cong" they had encountered in the jungle was unanimous: Garwood had "crossed over." He lived separately from them in the compounds, ate with the camp cooks, and enjoyed a general freedom of movement around the camps. Garwood was friendly and familiar in dealings with his captors, and because of his acquired fluency in Vietnamese he served as the enemy's spokesman during political reeducation classes.

Garwood's recent biographers develop Garwood's personal story in the sympathetic "interior mode" as if privy to tape recording of his private thoughts for the past 16 years. From the extensive picture they present of Garwood's captivity in the jungle camp—interwoven with detail of his depressing preenlistment family life and postrelease adversities (including a child molesta-



"This useful collection is necessary reading for those interested in either Reagan or Cuba . . ."
Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick
"*Reagan on Cuba* should be read by all in the Congress"
Robert Dole, United States Senate

Available in English and Spanish.
$4.00 per copy

CUBAN AMERICAN NATIONAL FOUNDATION
1000 Thomas Jefferson Street, NW Suite 601
Washington, DC 20007

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion charge dismissed for insufficient evidence)—the reader is to gather that Garwood was, above all things, a "survivor," a supreme achievement. The treatment of Garwood's motives—"nature or nurture"—is even more dubious. With sneers at the Marine Corps and Middle America, the authors depict their subject as the hapless product of a rootless America and of an absurd war the volunteer Marine never wanted to fight, the victim of a Military Code of Conduct that has become irrelevant.

What emerges from the elaborate rationalization of Garwood's collaboration, however, is that it was Garwood himself who created his protracted ordeal. From the moment he decided that survival meant more than every other loyalty, he became his masters' malleable tool. Garwood repaired his captors' radios, tested their bullhorns, cleaned and carried their weapons, signed without protest their propaganda documents. Indeed, he emerges as considerably more collaborative in the testimony of his camp mates, which his biographers report, than he appears to be in the inner tape recording that Spencer and Groom have labored so hard to reproduce. The reporters do not resolve—or even acknowledge—this serious internal contradiction in their book.

The impact of tendentious biography may be considerable in the contemporary moral dimness. Vietnam, in its unexamined tangle of myth, fact, and fiction, is the uncontested central event in modern American history for an unmoored and suggestible generation—not least for that circle of dewy young didacts in the Congress who rise to lecture and scold the pariah nation like fledgling Puritan divines. Groom and Spencer's book adds another small text to the pulpit of Dodd, Downey, Markey, and Co.

John Romjue is a historian with the U.S. Army.

Telling Stories Out of School

by Brian Murray

***P.E.N. New Fiction I*, edited by Peter Ackroyd, New York: Quartet; $14.95.**

It was P.G. Wodehouse, I think, who once told an anxious would-be writer of fiction that literary success was the result of careful adherence to a few very simple rules. Find a desk, Wodehouse suggested, and stock its drawers with sharp pencils and plenty of paper. Pull up a chair. Then, "Put your bum on the chair. And keep it there."

Of course, would-be writers—particularly the less gifted ones—are always looking for a less sweaty path to wealth and celebrity. The shelves of our public libraries are full of handbooks that purport to reveal—in avuncular tones—the central tricks of the writer's trade. Perhaps the most amusing of these is James N. Young's *101 Plots—Used and Abused*. Young worked as a fiction editor at a time when short stories were accorded prime space in such general-interest periodicals as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. Like any editor, Young routinely shoveled his way through great stacks of unsolicited material; in due course he became something of a connoisseur of the hackneyed plot.

Among the old stories Young embalmed in *101 Plots* is the one about the two bandits who together pull off a great heist, but who both—at a celebratory dinner in a secluded spot—"die of poisoning, each having poisoned the other." Here too is the account of the puny fellow named Percy who impresses a young woman with his strength and valor until his alarm clock sounds and he discovers that, alas, it was all "only a dream." "Be careful not to trick the reader too much," Young notes. For "readers get their dander up when a writer takes unfair advantage of them."

101 Plots first appeared in the mid-40's. These days, one rarely comes across the sort of stale and corny tales that Young warned against. Many of today's published stories eschew story line in favor of the conveyance of voice, character, and atmosphere; many of these predictably resemble in structure and theme the sort of midnight jottings that one might expect to find in the private journal of a lonely teaching assistant who has spent the day reading Kafka and scribbling "awk" and "frag" on too many unintentionally Kafkaesque freshman themes.

Such "serious" fiction can then be as hackneyed as anything that poor Young had to pore over. Indeed, perhaps the time has come for an updated version of *101 Plots*—a version titled, say, *It's Been Done* and aimed at the many creative-writing majors who have read the likes of Anne Beattie and Raymond Carver and understandably said to themselves: "Geez, if they can do it, anybody can." This volume would urge the neophyte authors not to portray yet *another* trapped housewife or frustrated academic; to steer clear of images of dead dogs in suburban driveways and dying insects dragging themselves across bedroom floors; not to pack too many short, present-tense paragraphs with brand names and the titles of pop songs; to go ahead and employ adjectives and adverbs not found in the pages of *TV Guide*.

The 29 stories that Peter Ackroyd collected in *P.E.N. New Fiction I* are not the products of American grad students of creative writing. They were written for a short-story contest sponsored by the English branch of P.E.N., the international writers' society. Most of these pieces take place in British and Irish settings and are largely free of the fatigued tone and monochromatism that one finds in the Carver-like minimalist efforts that continue to turn up in American "little" magazines and literary quarterlies. Tract houses, fast-food joints, pick-up trucks, and vaguely rendered characters named Chick, Webb, and Jewel are all refreshingly absent.

Unfortunately, only about five of these stories achieve real distinction. These are Desmond Hogan's "Ties," Thomas McCarthy's "Mammy's Boy," Clare Boylan's "Villa Marta," Ronald Hayman's "Urchins," and Meira Chand's "The Gift of Sunday." But these pieces are vivid and smooth and memorable enough to make *P.E.N. New Fiction I* a worthwhile choice for library patrons who continue to find that—in airplanes, laundromats, and swimming pools—a fine short story can make a splendid companion.

Brian Murray is professor of English at Youngstown State University.

The Mafioso

by Christopher Muldor

***Organized Crime*, 2nd edition, by Howard Abadinsky, Chicago: Nelson-Hall.**

According to some theorists, most of America's woes began with the arrival of big government in 1932. Before that time, so the story goes, liberty was the rule, the work ethic was alive and well, God was in the classroom, and all was well with the world. As with all ideologies, this one presents an incomplete picture of reality. Organized crime, a major presence in American life well before 1932, was not exactly a showpiece of free-market capitalism.

In *Organized Crime*, Howard Abadinsky has written a lucid and compre-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hensive account of a type of criminality that, in its rationality and structure, stands in marked contrast to ordinary "street crime." With roots in both American and southern Italian culture, organized crime developed in the moral climate created by the robber barons of the late 19th century. These "captains of industry" became folk heroes by their ascent from rags to riches, and many used their money for philanthropic ends. But many were willing to use any means, fair or foul, to achieve their power and wealth. Many of the hallmarks of later organized crime—extortion, violence, bribery of political officials—were commonplace activities with the robber barons.

In the decades following the Civil War, thousands of immigrants swarmed into our large cities and helped to build the urban political machines. The numerous street gangs of the period engaged in many legitimate political activities; they also used intimidation and violence to secure votes for their patron, the ward boss. In exchange for votes, the ward boss protected a wide range of illegal activities. Immigrants from southern Italy were already part of Old World organizations (the Mafia being the most infamous example) that were secretive, strongly hierarchical, and violent.

It is tempting to speculate on what might have happened to organized crime had there been no Prohibition. Would it have dwindled as the urban machines declined and as the various ethnic groups became assimilated? We will never know. Prohibition did little to advance "traditional" morality, but it did create unprecedented opportunities for organized crime in the United States. Before Prohibition, gang activity was largely under the control of ward bosses. The huge profits of the speakeasies brought gangsters to the top of the heap. With the repeal of Prohibition, organized crime contracted and regrouped. Its hardy practitioners survived the crisis and are still very much with us.

Abadinsky discusses several reasons for the long prevalence of organized crime. For one thing, the propensity of American lawmakers to outlaw a variety of popular products and activities has created a natural and lucrative setting for criminal activity. Abadinsky also observes that the "'American way of life' places undue stress on economic success, while its means of achievement are not readily available to large segments of our population." Organized crime provides a quick way up the social ladder for the poor: Consider the Great Gatsby. Cultural characteristics of some ethnic groups have also fostered organized crime. Jews were once prominent in organized crime, but the emphasis in Jewish culture on educational attainment soon opened a different means of social and economic ascent. Because Italian families had never placed the same value on education, many Italian young men continued to move into organized crime, while their Jewish counterparts were becoming consultants, psychiatrists, and yuppies. In making his policy recommendations, Abadinsky urges vigorous law enforcement coupled with an acute awareness of the historical backgrounds of those groups that still control this murderous underworld.

Christopher Muldor is a writer and criminologist in Philadelphia.

The Celts of the West

by Andrew Shaughnessy

The Lords of the Isles: The Clan Donald and the Early Kingdom of the Scots **by Ronald Williams, London; Chatto & Windus, The Hogarth Press; $19.95.**

The ancient story of early Scotland will not be fully told until much more study has been completed. The face of the land literally is pockmarked with the remains of settlements and dwellings—many unexcavated—raised in an age so remote from our own, we scarcely know the names of the races that inhabited them. Riddles there are in abundance; answers to these riddles may not be discovered until future archaeologists supply them. Perhaps some of the ancient enigmas never will be satisfactorily explained. Into this seemingly unfruitful field ventures Ronald Williams; and the result, *The Lords of the Isles*, proves to be a work of unusual interest and insight.

Williams begins his study with the founding in A.D. 500 of the Celtic kingdom of Dalriada (an area of land corresponding roughly to the western parts of present-day Argyllshire) by a force of Irish *Scotti*. It was from the leader of this host which established itself in Dalriada, one Fergus Mac Erc, that the chiefs of the Clan Donald claimed their descent. For nearly a thousand years the Lords of the Isles (as they liked to style themselves) held sway over a great sweep of territory in the far northwest of Scotland, ruling for the most part as potentates quite independent of the Scottish crown. Not until late in the 15th century was the power of the Lordship broken and its vast and scattered island patrimony forfeited to the crown. It is the story of the vicissitudes of the ancient Lordship that Ronald Williams tells with much spirit in his book.

A good portion of the early chapters is devoted to the activities of St. Columba, who arrived in Dalriada in 561 to begin his mission of preaching the gospels to the Picts. In this endeavor he seems to have enjoyed a fair measure of success, since Pictish attacks against Dalriada appear to have ceased shortly thereafter. From the island of Iona—perhaps the most hallowed spot on Scottish soil and reputedly the burial place of not fewer than 48 Scottish kings—Columba established the Celtic Christian Church in Scotland. It was from here that his missionaries set forth upon their work of evangelizing.

In later chapters, Williams details the bloody events surrounding the arrival in the Hebrides—about A.D. 790—of the Vikings in their sleek longships. From that time until the Battle of Clontarf near Dublin in 1014, when the Irish hero Brian Boru effectively diminished the might of the Hebridean Norse, the Vikings established a reign of terror along the western seaboard of Scotland. Amid the general confusion of the Viking ascendancy, the direct line of descent among the chiefs of Clan Donald became very uncertain, though later genealogists claimed to have traced it. At all events, about the year 1140, under the leadership of Somerled, the great progenitor of Clan Donald, the Celtic Gaels reemerged as a formidable power in the west. But, looking at events in a much broader context, the sands of time clearly were running out for the Celtic peoples. By Somerled's time a far more vigorous race—the Normans—were fast consolidating their power in the land; and even though the old Lordship continued to survive late into the 15th century, enjoying some periodic successes, its strength inexorably waned.

For those of Scots descent—and they are a numerous body in these United States—Ronald Williams' book provides a highly readable account of the early history of that interesting land. The interpretations Williams draws are sound ones based on a thorough apprehension of his subject.

Andrew Shaughnessy is assistant editor of The University Bookman.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREEN

Ground Zero, 1950

by Kate Dalton

Desert Bloom; written and directed by Eugene Corr; produced by Michael Housman; Columbia Pictures.

In December 1950, at the Nellis Air Force Base outside of Las Vegas, the Atomic Energy Commission set off the first atomic bomb since Nagasaki. The year before, the Soviets had conducted their first atomic test—an unpleasant surprise to most Americans—and Mao had taken over China. Truman announced in January of '50 that he was directing the AEC to start work on the vastly more destructive hydrogen bomb. In February Senator Joseph McCarthy announced that he had in his possession a list of 205 Communists who were working in the State Department. In May Alger Hiss was convicted of perjury, and in June the North Koreans, supported by the USSR, advanced south of the 38th parallel and invaded South Korea. The United Nations (then just five years old) sent troops, but by December MacArthur's armies were in retreat.

Desert Bloom is set in that hot December. Korea, McCarthy, the Nellis Air Force Base are all part of the outer storm, but director Eugene Corr is more interested in the inner weather of a single family, some of those ostensibly simple folk—no one here but us chickens—who are as complicated as they come.

Amid all the details that go into making a movie, creating characters is not usually a priority. Producers will pour their energies into developing a "look" or a "star," as part of their effort to make a "smash," but that's as far as the effort goes. Usually when Hollywood takes up a bit of history, at best it's a pageant and at worst a disaster. When was the last time anyone made a film about the Civil War or the Cuban Missile Crisis because he was interested in plumbing the depths of the characters of Lincoln or JFK or, for that matter, of anyone else of the time? Nobody gives a hoot about a *personality*. People want to make films about whole *eras* because they like the rush of the grand historical sweep. They want the wind in their characters' hair, spray on their faces, and the New World rising out of the sea, shining like Botticelli's Venus. It's the Cecil B. De Mille syndrome—10 years in the making! On four continents! With a cast of thousands! And, naturally, the characterization of Lincoln or Columbus or Cleopatra suffers accordingly.

But, to his great credit, Corr has abandoned the forest for the trees: for Rose, 13; Lily, her mother; Starr, her favorite aunt; and Jack, her stepfather. The story line is built around Rose, and it's principally her memories of the time and her point of view that we're allowed to share—first boyfriend, first glasses, victory at the county spelling bee. The movie, nevertheless, is Jon Voight's.

Voight plays Jack, who came home from the Second World War badly scarred, and his limp is only part of it. Barricading himself with his clippings, medals, old war stories, and shortwave can't help him stop the nightmares or keep him from drinking. Jack is both the hero and villain of the piece. He is sometimes kind, sometimes drunk and bumbling, sometimes drunk and cruel, pitiful at certain times, despicable at others. He has to correct himself, "nigger" to "Negro," when talking about Duke Ellington, whose music he reveres. And he has a paranoia about Jews, that somehow coexists with true admiration and even some identification with Einstein—"They thought Einstein was retarded," he says over one strained breakfast, where he is fighting to keep his children's affection, his wife's esteem, and his own self-respect, "but he was the opposite of retarded. He was a genius!"

His relations with his stepdaughter Rose show the most strain, and he takes a lot of his frustration out on her. And yet it's Jack, not Lily, who shows up at Rose's moment of triumph at the spelling bee (absolutely the funniest bee in movie history), and it's Jack, not Lily, who notices Rose is missing the night she runs away. He's a wonderful character, completely contradictory and completely realistic, with his virtues all inextricably mixed-up with his faults, in one great Gordian knot of a personality.

Of all the characters, only Lily (played by JoBeth Williams) rings occasionally untrue, sometimes bordering on parody. Nothing comes out of her mouth that isn't one of the clichés used by people who have long since stopped thinking. For Lily there is some excuse: not thinking too hard is her way of coping, and seeing things as she wants to see them is an improvement on reality, given that her first husband ran out and left her with three girls to raise, and her second spouse is still intermittently fighting with the 3rd Army. When times are tough there's a lot of comfort in clichés, and Lily takes refuge there time and again. They serve all her purposes—to soothe, to rebuke, to praise.

"Rise and shine, it's A-bomb time," she calls to her sleeping children the morning of the test—that's Lily, true to the end. And as with that line, there is no funny moment in *Desert Bloom* that doesn't have something serious or sad to it; nothing frightening that isn't also sometimes ridiculous; no one utterly dear who isn't sometimes extremely unkind. It's a beautifully made movie, and everything and everyone in it is handled with a light and true touch. That includes the frame story—for the whole movie leads up to the morning of the test, and in these days of such strident films as *The China Syndrome* and *The Day After*, peopled with characters that are only foils for a message that's sledgehammered home, Corr's restraint is astonishing. It's clear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he is no fan of those tests, or of the AEC, but he doesn't pontificate. There is no wailing and gnashing of teeth. Instead, he holds the Miss A-bomb of 1951 contest, advertises Atomic Coiffures, has the school blood tests conducted in the "Fun Room," and then has Rose quietly wonder why everyone in town is being asked to wear dog tags. The few frightening moments are brief, and Corr pulls back from each, wise enough to know that melodrama would ruin his film.

The movie ends with the setting off of the bomb. Rose has been found and brought home, everyone is forgiven, the two younger girls are wakened, and boom! Off it goes. As the cloud rises, Barbara Jo, the littlest one, says in her high voice, "It's beautiful," and of course it is.

Kate Dalton writes from New York.

ART

Big Brother Sits for a Portrait

by Inga Karetnikova and Igor Golomstock

"It is highly desirable that people heading the party movement, be, at last, depicted in powerful Rembrandt colors in all their robust vitality."

—K. Marx

What Khrushchev in his secret speech at the XX Congress of the Soviet Communist Party called "Stalin's cult of personality" is, in fact, the most common and the most stable component of totalitarianism—the cult of the leader.

It is easy to see why Fascists and National Socialists should embrace the concept of the decisive role of the individual in history, but such a notion seems to contradict the very essence of Marxism, according to which history is shaped by masses divided into classes. Despite this apparent contradiction, however, the deification of leaders lies at the heart of *all* totalitarian systems. No matter what he is called—Führer, Chairman, Duce, or General Secretary of the Politburo—the leader occupies the place of sacred importance, from which, along a descending line, all other spiritual values are applied. "What values can we throw onto the scales of history? First, the value of our people . . . and second—and I would dare to say, an even greater value—the unique personality of our Führer, Adolf Hitler," declared Heinrich Himmler, reinforcing his words with all the might of the Gestapo. Goebbels' slogan, "Adolf Hitler is Germany, and Germany is Adolf Hitler," was echoed by the Soviet slogan, "We say 'party,' and mean 'Lenin'; we say 'Lenin,' and mean 'party'" (with the subsequent addition "Stalin is Lenin today").

Ideas of this kind constitute the cornerstone of art in any totalitarian country. But they were most elaborated in theory and most developed in practice in the art of National Socialism and Socialist Realism. The Soviet art magazine *Iskusstvo* made the point succinctly: "Workers of art must sculpt, carve, depict on monumental canvases, preserve for future generations the immense image of the leader." Significantly, in the creation of this "immense image," the personal tastes, self-appraisal, or even initial inclinations of the Soviet and Nazi leaders were more or less irrelevant.

Thus Hitler, for example, selected only one, rather small portrait of himself for the important Munich Art Exhibition of 1938, and his favorite artists were modest German sentimental realists of the 19th century like Eduard Grützner and Franz Defregger. A similar sort of art adorned the secret bedroom at Stalin's *dacha* near Moscow (although in this case they were cheap reproductions of the works of the Russian sentimental realists of the 19th century, cut from the popular magazine *Ogonyok*). But Stalin, unlike Hitler, clearly enjoyed the multiplicity of his "Godlike" depictions.

On the other hand, Lenin—brought up in the tradition of Russian liberalism—would hardly have been pleased, viewing his innumerable depictions or learning that his dried-out mummy has become the country's main object of worship.

But it was precisely Lenin who, in 1918, with his plan for "Monumental Propaganda," laid the foundation for the Soviet cult of the leader. Having placed this plan at the center of his cultural policy, Lenin, of course, was not trying to use it for his own glorification. According to his plan, the list of people to be "monumentalized" included only the names of dead heroes and martyrs of the revolution.

The history of National Socialist art opens with the exact same cult—which might be called "the Cult of the

Marks, Engels, Lenin, Stalin; *N. Zhickow, artist; pencil, 1949*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dead." The first edifice of the Nazi regime was a monument to fallen comrades, opened with great fanfare on November 9, 1933. This was followed by a steady stream of statues, monuments, ensembles, even special "Castles of the Dead." The idea behind all these memorials to dead Nazis was to arouse in people a feeling of veneration for the history of the Third Reich. "Berlin must be filled with these . . . memorials; they must become a part of its character," Hitler instructed Professor Wilhelm Kreis, who was responsible for the Nazi version of "Monumental Propaganda" and who planned to sow with "these memorials" not just Berlin, but all Europe.

Portrait of the Führer; *Fritz Erler, artist.*

In calling for "Monumental Propaganda," Lenin most likely could not foresee the 1933 declaration by Anatoli Lunacharsky (the Soviet People's Commissar for Enlightment) that it was time "to bring to life the second, more mature stage of 'Monumental Propaganda.'" Lunacharsky wanted to honor not only dead revolutionaries, but also the leader very much alive.

It has been noted that while in a democratic society the private life of a leader, king, or president is open to public scrutiny, and he exists in society's consciousness as a human being, the personality of a totalitarian dictator is enveloped by an impenetrable shroud of mystery. Big Brother is everywhere, but no one actually sees him; all achievements and virtues are attributed to him, but no one can distinguish the real from the legendary; his visage looks out from every wall and newspaper, but no one knows what he really looks like, since in all of these depictions of him he looks the same as he did 10 or 20 years before. As a matter of fact, immortality was, almost literally, implied for Stalin. A thought of his eventual demise and replacement, if uttered aloud, would bring arrest and an accusation of terrorism.

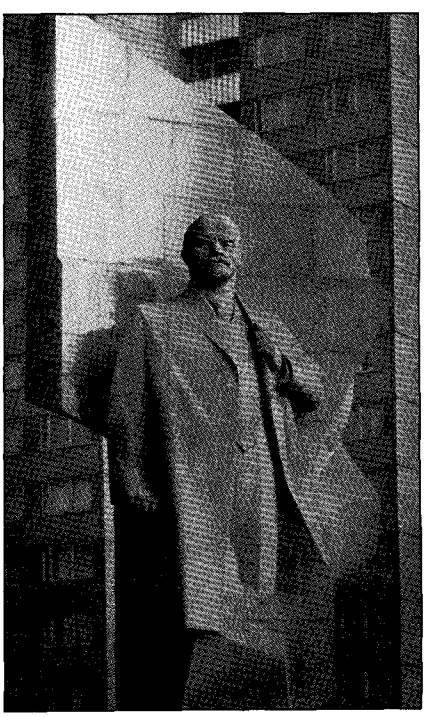
The being of totalitarian dictators flows on as if in another dimension, beyond the mortal concepts of life and death. The function of art then becomes that of translating the dictator's existence from one reality to another, the visualization of a political myth in an artistic image, i.e., the "materialization" of metaphors.

In totalitarian society the cult of the dictator in life and his cult in art are built simultaneously: what becomes a political reality in the first sphere immediately finds visual expression in the second. In the history of Soviet art, this cult first becomes visible in 1929-30 (the time of Stalin's rapid rise to the pinnacle of power). It started, however, with the cult of the dead Lenin; apparently, the momentum of Lenin's "cult of the dead" was still going on.

In 1924, immediately after Lenin's death, his body was placed into a temporary wooden mausoleum. "It was done," the official announcement stated, "in order to give all people who couldn't come to Moscow for the funeral the opportunity to say farewell to the beloved leader." Later this mausoleum was replaced by a sturdier one, also made of wood. In 1930, the imposing marble mausoleum was erected, which right away became the sacramental center of all Soviet political liturgy.

One year later, a decision was made to build the Palace of Soviets—another memorial to Lenin. It was intended to last forever and was to surpass in height all buildings in the world. (The only minor concern about this project was that on overcast days, parts of Lenin's 100-meter-tall statue at the top of the Palace would be hidden behind the clouds.) A gigantic architectural and research institute worked around the clock on the project. An enormous pit was dug on the spot of Moscow's largest cathedral—the Cathedral of Christ the Savior—which had been blown up. The press raved about the grandiosity of the complex which was to include 17,500 square meters of oil paintings, 12,000 square meters of frescoes, 4,000 square meters of mosaics, 20,000 square meters of bas-reliefs, 12 sculpture groups 12 meters high, and 170 sculpture groups six meters high.

During the work, however, the dominant ideological content of all this enormous art output began to change. A few years later *Iskusstvo* defined it this way: "The painted and plastic compositions will express how Lenin and Stalin are leading the Soviet people to freedom and happiness." Thus, the "cult of the dead" began to be mixed with the cult of the living.



Statue of Lenin in East Berlin; N. Towsky, sculpter; 1970

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Significantly, the Palace of Soviets was never built (an enormous public swimming pool was constructed on the spot instead), but the endless series of monuments to Stalin erected after the war all over the country was crowned by his truly cyclopean image on the Volga-Don Canal which, in all respects, matched the scale of the projected statue of Lenin atop the Palace of Soviets.

The construction of such monuments requires time and substantial financial resources. In the USSR, they began to be erected only in the mid-1930's; in Germany the main projects of this magnitude were not realized due to the war. Circumstances dictated that in both countries the cult of the leader be created through more flexible mediums, mainly painting and graphics.

In the art of National Socialism and Socialist Realism, "Leader Depiction" can be defined as a separate genre. Although a strict canon prevails in this genre, the depiction of the dictator is not at all one dimensional. He is usually portrayed in certain hypostases, each requiring a specific emotional interpretation and compositional scheme. All these arrangements can be summarized as follows:

1. "The leader as father of the people and symbol of the nation." Here the concrete personality of the dictator is presented in the most abstract, symbolic sense, which requires monumentality of design, grandeur of treatment, somber, generalized forms, all of which express his above-human, suprapersonal character. This scheme was best realized in such monuments to Stalin as his memorial museum in Erevan, *inside* a sculpted monument, or his cyclopean image on the Volga-Don Canal. This scheme was also realized in painted portraits of Hitler, in which the determined will of "Hitler-the-leader" was emphasized by the energy of his frontal posture, his intense look, as well as by some external details: romantically charged landscapes (in the portraits by H. Knirr and C. Hommel), symbolic sculpture in the background (in the portraits by F. Erler), the map spread out, and so forth. The portraits fulfilled the characterization of Hitler offered by *Der Völkische Beobachter*: "He rises up like a statue, surpassing all measures of earthly man."

2. "The leader as the inspirer and organizer of victories." This scheme requires expressions, powerful gestures, emotions, colors, or contrasts which transmit his determined energy and inspire and lead the viewer. In the Soviet Union such qualities were attributed more to Lenin than to Stalin and were presented in innumerable portraits of Lenin in which he is shown leaning forward, his right hand outstretched, or holding the lapel of his jacket—in this case his powerful thrust forward is emphasized by the position of his head—while his left hand is clenching his cap, just removed from his head. In National Socialist art this idea was expressed in multifigured compositions, with Hitler at the center of action.

3. "The leader as the wise teacher." Here, an element of psychological subtlety is introduced, emphasizing the intellect, the incisiveness, the modesty, the simplicity, the humanity attributed to the dictator. Such are numerous depictions of Lenin and Stalin in their offices hard at work, or chatting with representatives of the people.

4. And, finally, "The leader as human being," or as "the friend" of children, athletes, collective farmers, scientists, journalists, and so on. This scheme requires genre details shifting the emotional accent from ecstatic admiration for the dictator to tender love.

The depictions of Lenin and Stalin went through all of these schemes and were developed in detail on a wide scale from gigantic monuments to small genre paintings. Hitler's iconography essentially falls within the framework of only the first with some overlap into the second.

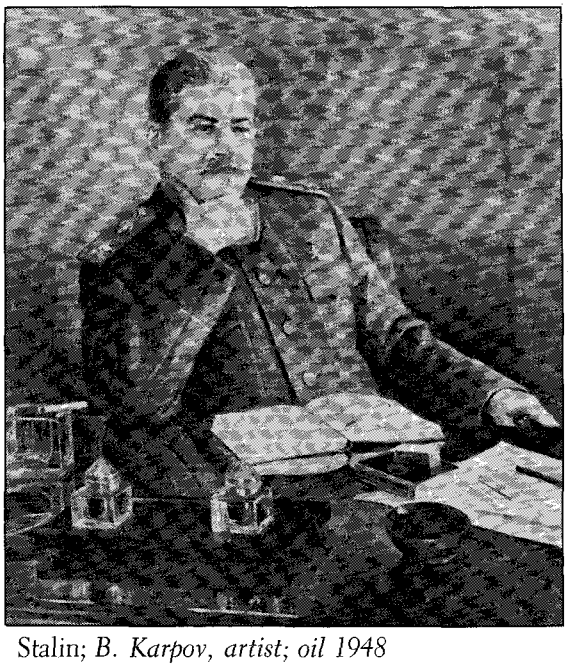
Hitler came to power legitimately, after having received the majority of votes in the 1933 elections. He sincerely believed (and often said so) that Providence had chosen him—a simple boy from Linz—to draw the German people up behind him in Germany's fateful hour. He believed himself to be the voice of the people, the embodiment of the nation's will, the emanation of its soul, and he strove to create his image in accordance with the abstract categories of this

Novorossiysk: No Man's Land; *D. Nalbandian, artist; oil, 1975*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kind. He, for example, even forbade the printing of photographs that showed him in Bavarian lederhosen or wearing eyeglasses or with a small dog, because he considered that such photographs would detract from the grandeur of image that the leader of the greatest nation must project.

If what Hitler thought of himself is well-known, Stalin's perception of himself is shrouded in mystery. He rose from the hidden depths of the party apparatus, having squeezed out and destroyed much more popular leaders. Until the mid-20's his image as Lenin's comrade-in-arms, creator of the army and state, or simply as a human being was much less well-defined in the popular imagination than, say, Trotsky's, Bukharin's, or Zinoviev's. Thus, Soviet art was called upon to fill in the yawning gaps in his political career: an enormous number of genre depictions of Stalin were created to "document" various traits of his personality (the real ones least of all) and important episodes of his life (the ones that never occurred). On countless canvases he was portrayed in nearly every key position of the Civil War, and whenever the image of Lenin appeared as inspirer of the revolution, right next to it appeared the figure of its practical organizer—Stalin. Given Soviet art's main emphasis on the reflection of "life's truth," such portrayals automatically took on the significance of historical fact.



Stalin; *B. Karpov, artist; oil 1948*

Forward, Toward the Victory of Communism!; *L. Golovanov, artist; poster, 1952*

Both Socialist Realism and National Socialist theories of art state that the true image of the leader is not limited by the traits of his individual personality. As *Iskusstvo* put it, "He is intertwined with historical reality, in the multi-faceted situations of our revolutionary past and our glorious present, in his contact with people and the masses." That is, the depiction of almost *any* historical event or life situation is to be, in one way or another, linked to the image of the leader. All art becomes one gigantic pedestal for his overwhelming figure.

Paintings and monuments idealizing the leader constitute the center of totalitarian art. With a change of leaders a vacuum is formed in this center which threatens to destroy the whole unless it is filled immediately with the cult of a new leader.

After Khrushchev's speech condemning the "cult of personality," Stalin's monuments were blown up, his portraits removed from offices and museums, and his figure scraped off from the most famous group compositions and replaced by someone else. In V. Serov's monumental painting *Lenin Proclaims the Soviet Government* (1947), Stalin once stood right next to an iconic figure of Lenin; but now, some absolutely unknown character occupies this spot. (The depictions of many of Stalin's own comrades-in-arms suffered exactly the same fate during Stalin's reign. At the height of the terror of the 30's, Stalinist laureates scraped from their group compositions the images of Tukhachevsky, Yakir, Bukharin, Yezhov.)

The same artists, the pillars of Socialist Realism—Nalbandian, Yefanov, Tomsky, Vuchetich—who once painted and sculpted Stalin, soon began sculpting and painting Khrushchev, and, after his fall, Brezhnev. The Brezhnev era ended with Nalbandian's huge canvas, *Novorossiisk. No Man's Land*. During World War II Colonel Brezhnev served as staff officer in the area of Novorossiisk, an insignificant Southern town, now presented as a key battle area that nearly decided the outcome of the entire Second World War.

The cults of Andropov and Chernenko never got started due to the shortness of their reigns. But unless the situation in the Soviet Union changes radically (which is very unlikely), we will see once again brilliant artistic depictions of Gorbachev at podiums, at congresses, among peasants and writers and—who knows?—maybe even at the fronts of the Second World War.

Inga Karetnikova, author of several books on art in Russian, is currently a writer for the BBC in London. Igor Golomstock, formerly curator of the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts in Moscow, is likewise a writer for the BBC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Poland

by James H. Bowden

Graveyard Vigil

Probably the most moving event of my year in Poland so far was my visit to the Powązki Cemetery on the evening of All Saints. It is an old cemetery, with nothing like it that I know of in America. Indeed, the most similar I can recall is found in Maple Grove, the old cemetery in Russellville, Kentucky (north of Nashville), where I stopped off a few years ago to pay my respects to the small anthology of ancestors of mine that were there. Doing so always brings to mind my first visit there, with a maiden great-aunt who was in charge of such things: my father wasn't there then, nor my grandmother, but other people I should meet were, and I was introduced. I, young and gauche, noticed *her* stone was in place, though there she stood beside me. It was shortly after June 3rd, Confederate Memorial Day in Kentucky, and there were small flags stuck around here and there, exciting my child's eyes, as though there were massed and waiting armies, diminutive, in the grass.

There were no such flags on our set of graves, since the Bowdens were the Village Republicans. (My great-grandfather went to France to avoid having to fight his relatives, then on returning rode overland to San Francisco and back again, so no one could rightly accuse him of cowardice.) His in-laws, the Mortons, were all Democrats and pro-slavery, and they were nearby. One of them I often mention when trying to explain in classes why Americans don't believe in Original Sin: Here was a fellow of modest means, at least to begin with, who before he died came to own over 60 slaves, and, they say, "never whipped a one." How, I ask, when someone can so obviously rise from little to much, can we possibly believe that we are Innately Depraved?

In 20 years of telling the story, I have yet to find a student who smiled at or even discerned the irony. We simply don't believe in sin.

As for my maiden great-aunt, whose stone was set there with her name and birth but no death date—like a late poet in the *Norton Anthology*—I asked of her why hers was there. She answered not at all, frogs jumped into hidden pools, birds turned their heads and coughed. I was, I suppose, trying to be polite, and though I have thought on it many times, I cannot conceive of her silence as anything but rude. We don't believe much in death either.

Poles aren't like that. Our new cemeteries—probably even the one in Russellville, though I've not seen it—are Disneyland-for-the-Dead, and the newer Polish ones look a bit that way now, but it's only because there hasn't been yet added the patina of time. Ours deny death; theirs don't.

And they are proud of their dead, putting their most famous along a certain wall they've built just to set off their graves. Of course, the very most famous Polish tend to die in exile—there was no Poland from the late 18th century until Woodrow Wilson insisted there be another one in 1918—but the best they can find are here. The ones they seem to like best are the artists, the actors, the writers, with an occasional aviator or other idiosyncratic thrown in. I think the biggest tomb in Cave Hill, in Louisville, is Colonel Sanders'.

Cave Hill isn't a bad place—quite nice, in fact—but no one, I think, puts candles on the grave of the Colonel on All Saints and All Souls, nor on any other graves there. This is not the case in Poland. Half of Warszawa seemed to be out there at Powązki on 1 November, with special buses routed there, with candle concessionaires and scouts (mostly male) in conspicuous numbers.

Every grave had candles on it, none with only one, as if the Poles knew that relatives of each one would have been there if they could, so they set out a candle on behalf of anyone who couldn't do it himself. Respect for the dead, prayers for the dead—that sort of thing. Most of these candles were set in little white boxes, affording them extra dignity, more stability, and some protection against a gusting wind, though the candles seemed tough, able to gutter and flare again against the Eastern chill.

Even, I was told, did the graves of the Soviet soldiers have at least one candle on each, though a University friend of my son—he's with me for the academic year—suggested that they didn't need any since Russians had no souls. Aleks was smiling when he said it, though, and he held that Russians were people too, only the System that owned them was depraved. I didn't see the Russian graves, they being somewhat apart. I suppose Party members saw to the candles being there. (At Maple Grove, slaves were buried on the other side of a road dividing the cemetery.)

It was a cold night, just above freezing, with mists tangling in the trees lit by the candles at their feet. Poe would have loved it, and I was warmed by it myself, except that *my* feet were cold. Or were till I got to the grave of Grzegorz Przemyk, a student beaten to death by the Milicja. (Milicja means "Police," but the Communists dropped that bourgeois term when they seized control.) Or rather that is what Poles believe, though the official inquiry decided that the ambulance attendants did it. I suppose ambulance attendants are pretty much the same everywhere, like Communist courts.

Grzegorz was guilty of partying after passing his high school examination and being accepted into the university, something that means more here than at home. He was rowdy, and died of the beating. A grave was found for him along one of the main walks at Powązki and on All Saints 1985 many people paused there to pay their respects and, I suppose, to pray. I did so,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too, and was able to warm my chilled feet at the same time: a mathematician acquaintance estimated the number of candles then burning at 70,000.

There were about as many around the Katyn monument, recently erected: it consists of a large but simple and rough-hewn cross in an area surrounded by a low fence. Someone had defaced the cross by painting on it—at night, I was told—a fairly professional *1940*. That was all that was on it, and all that needed to be on it. The question has always been who murdered some thousands of Polish officers at Katyn, officers who were prisoners of war. The Soviets blame the Nazis, but the Nazis were not occupiers of that territory until 1941: in 1940 it was occupied by the Soviets.

Various hand-lettered placards were here and there along the fence and inside it; the one I liked best, itself lit by many candles, read in Polish that "If we forget them, God will forget us." Some might already have despaired of God's memory in regard to Poland, and not only because of the six million of them who died at Nazi and Soviet hands in World War II. Most who died then were murdered by the former, of course, especially the three million who were Jews. (Historians often cite six million victims of Nazi extermination camps, but the figure is incomplete: six million Jews so died, but so did six million Gentiles—about half of them Poles.) The Soviets did kill quite a few, though, especially while establishing hegemony after World War II.

The country has been much fought-over—in military terms, it's what is called "good tank country"—yet the Poles seem to think God has them in mind. Indeed, much is forgiven the Church because it has for so long been the preserver of Polish consciousness, sometimes against Lutheran and Orthodox neighbors, and now against Communist neighbors and visitors. There are more applicants at present than places available at seminaries. The Church, quite simply, is *the alternative*.

And so a quiet night of reverence and civic and religious piety came to an end. Scout troops marched off to buses, a few girls in their numbers, all looking as military as they could (whole troops of them died fighting in World War II). I paid my respects at the graves of Home Army (that is, non-Communist) officers and men, and I too left. The graves of the Home Army people, some of whom were buried long after their military service, were well lit, marked by uniform birch crosses.

As I left I recalled a bit of family folklore passed on by my grandmother, learned by her, I suppose, from her husband's mother's folk (it was *her* father who never whipped a one of his 60 slaves). After the War—*the* War—Federal troops made the slaves leave; but after the bayonets were out of sight, the ex-slaves returned. I think my great-grandmother thought it an endorsement of her father's vanished world instead of its condemnation—condemnation because it actually turned people *into* slaves.

The Poles are not good slaves. Good slaves, after all, achieve only the gratification of their owners, making the owners feel justified in what they're doing. The Poles on All Saints and All Souls show at Powązki and I suppose at other cemeteries that they're not so good at giving the desired gratification.

James H. Bowden is associate director of the American Studies Center in Warsaw, Poland.

Letter From the Heartland

by Jane Greer

Save the Children

Suddenly, we may receive a son—a six-year-old, our first child—and we may get him in weeks. My small worries grow immense.

Some background on one of them: My husband and I have what has been called a "mixed marriage" (sort of a hot dish, like franks and beans). He is firmly Catholic; I, by upbringing, Protestant: a lukewarm Presbyterian, dropped off at Sunday school, in my youth; a more staunch Episcopalian in adulthood. We worship together, alternating churches, and enjoy it. (So we aren't your textbook conservatives.) I love the old enclaved Roman Catholic tradition he grew up in ("I was 18 before I knew there were people in the world who weren't Catholic, Bohemian, and Democrat," he brags, not a bit sheepishly), and he likes the intimacy of my small church in a state rife with large, unwieldy Catholic and Lutheran congregations. I chose Episcopalianism because it seemed to offer all the ritual I hungered for, all the history and pomp and tradition, yet lacked the few Catholic beliefs that kept me from converting.

Still, I often deplore—loudly—what I see as a growing *horizontality*, a sideways thinning, a puddling, of tradition and, with it, religious conviction. (My husband is concerned, too, but he's not a complainer.) My grievances have become clichés to be found in nearly every conservative journal in any given month. In my husband's large, modern church, few "hymns" that we sing were written before 1979, it seems (when we come across an anomaly dating all the way back to the 1960's, he elbows me, points to the year, and smirks), and no one has bothered to make them rhyme—or scan, for that matter. They're unmemorable, strictly for sanctuary use, not for humming in the car. There are no quiet times unmolested by guitar or organ or singer or "commentator." We are requested to sing a ditty as we kneel in preparation for receiving the Holy Mysteries and as we make our way forward. We play the whole service by ear. At my little church, which looks as if it has been lifted in rapture from the English countryside, the situation is similar: Oh, we sing the great old hymns most of the time, but have the irritation of unrestrained children running amok in the aisles to "worship" noisily in their own way, sometimes with balloons. (To his credit, my priest has never held a Clown Mass, although he has allowed teenagers with guitars from time to time, after whose "performance" we must clap.) At neither church do we waste much time on confession or meditation.

But, as I say, this is old news, the long-standing but mainly private objections of mainstream America, those of us too polite or embarrassed or cynical to grumble out loud. Joining a particular church is like marrying: One doesn't get a divorce just because one's husband's relatives lack aplomb—and the Bridegroom is ever con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stant. Annie Dillard, in her wonderful "An Expedition to the Pole" in *The Yale Literary Magazine*'s anniversary issue, was the first to make me question my own convictions: If little things like inane lyrics and the inescapable messiness of human fellowship could get in the way of my healthy communion with God on Sunday morning, I really *did* have a problem. It's easy to love one's neighbor and concentrate on prayer when one's surroundings are aesthetically pleasing. I happen to love Bach on a booming organ and the terrifying silence that follows, and to despise fourth-rate guitarists and church applause and constant chatter. . . . I could go on. Dillard, making me ashamed, writes, "A taste for the sublime is a greed like any other, after all," and, "Week after

REVISIONS

Stamped With the Image of the King

The "matter of Britain" has been inspiring European writers since the 12th century, when Geoffrey of Monmouth chronicled the arrival of Brut in England, the struggles of Uther Pendragon and his son Arthur, and the wizardry of Merlin. In *The Quest for Merlin* (Boston: Little, Brown) Nikolai Tolstoy recounts a few of them: Wace (the Norman Jerseyman whose *Brut* brought the matter to French attention), Thomas Malory, Spenser, Walter Scott, Tennyson, Hardy, and J.R.R. Tolkien, whose Gandalf is only the latest and most powerful reincarnation of Merlin. In his highly readable book—part scholarship, part fantasy—Tolstoy argues that Merlin was an historical personage, the last of the Druids in Scotland and an "authentic prophet." Much of his evidence is drawn from a comparison of Geoffrey's later *Vita Merlini* with the *Four Ancient Books* of Welsh poetry in which a Myrddin figures prominently.

Less convincing is his use of Irish material. While Tolstoy does manage to draw attention to several striking Irish parallels with the Merlin story, they are as likely to be signs of a common Celtic literary tradition as evidence for the historical Merlin. But most Celtic scholarship strikes Germanic and classical philologists as on the zany side. Perhaps it is the inevitable result of enchantment. There is a powerful allure to these tales. The great failure of English literature is the lack of a great Arthurian epic. Milton had one in mind, and Tennyson made an attempt even while realizing that his strength did not lie in extended narrative. The result, his *Idylls*, for all their flaws are among the enduring masterpieces of the language. C.S. Lewis, like Tolkien, was drawn to the story of Merlin, whose appearance at Ransom's door in *That Hideous Strength* may be the most powerful scene of recognition in modern fiction—odd that it should have escaped Tolstoy's attention.

The most influential Arthurian theme is probably the quest for the Holy Grail, which inspired such different treatments as Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival* and the *Perceval* of the 13th-century French poet Chrétien de Troyes. In her new translation, *Perceval or The Story of the Grail* (Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press) Ruth Harwood Cline succeeds in bringing out the liveliness and subtlety of Chrétien's final (and uncompleted) work. Despite certain confusions and paradoxes in the narrative, *Perceval* is not only a masterful tale—more entertaining than most novels—but it is also a strong psychological study of the adolescent in search of manhood. Young Perceval has been reared in isolation, in total ignorance of chivalry. When he discovers a desire to become a knight, his mother gives him some simple advice: be kind to the ladies; if one wishes to reward him with a kiss or food or a token like a ring, he should accept them.

Not far from his mother's house, he meets a damsel whom he proceeds to kiss repeatedly—much against her will; he gobbles her food and rips the ring off her finger. Later he tells Arthur, in peremptory terms, that he must be made a knight immediately. Eventually, Perceval is taken in hand by a wise knight who tells him to mind his tongue and not reveal his ignorance. Like most adolescents, Perceval overinterprets. His taciturnity has fatal results when he fails to ask the Fisher King the crucial questions which could have restored him—and his realm—to health.

Cline's translation is lively and effective in every respect but one: her versification is not up to the difficulty of eight-syllable couplets. Ben Jonson thought, quite rightly, that the rhymes came too soon in this form. The poet runs the risk of jingling. Cline, however, in avoiding jingles usually ends up with prose in rhyme, with scarcely any attention to the subtleties of enjambment—a rereading of Andrew Marvell is in order. As prose, however, this translation is wonderfully readable.

The Arthurian tales are a superb example of how one society can transmit its traditions to another. The heroes of Celtic Britain get adopted by Norman English aristocrats and writers, and the part-Welsh Henry VII names his eldest son after the British king. Meanwhile, the French too adopt the national heroes of Britain, their greatest enemy, and Eschenbach uses the material to create one of the early German masterpieces. Of course, Malory's heroes are rather English, Chrétien's are the picture of French chivalry, and Wolfram's more mystical *Parzival* inspired that most ardent Nordicist, Richard Wagner. Underneath all these versions lay the eerie vision of a subject race that failed in politics and war but lent the cruder Germans—Saxons, Normans, Franck, and Bavarians—some, at least, of their poetry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

week, we witness the same miracle: that God is so mighty he can stifle his own laughter."

And, to be honest, I glean hope from the belief that all this will pass, that it's a fad, albeit a tenacious one. The *verticality*, the up-and-down sense, of worship and our relationship with God will return, perhaps even stronger than it was before we learned we could lose it; and meanwhile, maybe, we'll learn to love each other better. Maybe.

But I'm still worried, because suddenly I'm going to be a mother, and it occurred to me, as my husband and I knelt one Sunday morning and tried to raise our thoughts above the surrounding chaos, that today's children have had no chance to *develop* a "taste for the sublime." If they meet it, will they like it? When the old way comes back—and it will, because sooner or later we'll rediscover that to focus on this life is prodigal—will it seem alien and constrictive to young folk who grew up having *fun* in church? What will the priesthood mean to them, the relinquishing of this world? If a child learns to expect disorder in worship and clatter where there might be peace—if he knows hand-clasping and absolute familiarity (a friend of mine calls this the "Jesus is my pal" syndrome) but nothing of terrible grandeur or the sweet relief of true, if momentary, humility, of saying *Thy will be done*—what will he make of Chartres or Notre Dame, of St. Thomas and Belloc, of most of Western civilization?

Dorothy L. Sayers writes of being "filled with the solemn intoxication

REVISIONS

A Private Publicist

For more than four decades Walter Lippmann preached to America on politics and catechized Presidents, Supreme Court justices, Harvard professors, and ordinary readers of *The New Republic*, the *New York World*, and the *New York Herald Tribune* in the fundamental doctrines of his "public philosophy." It is symptomatic of much that is wrong with modern America that while no 20th-century American commentator has exerted more political influence, few have been so alienated from the perceptions of its ordinary citizens. To help us understand Lippmann's opinion of Middle America, we now have *Public Philosopher: Selected Letters of Walter Lippmann*, with an excellent introduction by the editor, John Morton Blum (New York: Ticknor & Fields; $29.95).

In 1925, Lippmann conceded in a letter to Learned Hand that "my own mind has been getting steadily antidemocratic" because of "the fierce ignorance of these millions of semi-literate priestridden and parsonridden people" called Americans. Just how antidemocratic Lippmann's mind had become is revealed by his comments on the Scopes trial:

> Bryan has, as you know, based his case on the right of the majority of a legislature to determine the character of teaching in the schools for which it votes the money. This is a difficult principle to controvert. Personally, I am pretty well persuaded that it's necessary to controvert it. But in doing so, it will be necessary to invent some sort of constitutional theory under which public education is rendered rather more independent.

Now we also understand why Lippmann had to keep the inner workings of his public philosophy private: He feared "an outcry in the South that New York is trying to run things." If Lippmann hadn't existed, Leo Strauss might have invented him as a modern Maimonides.

Lippmann came by his antipathy for populists like Bryan predictably enough. Early in his life, he repudiated the Jewish faith of his parents. While he subsequently claimed "the classical and Christian heritage" as his own, he never converted. As Lippmann explained in *A Preface to Morals* (1929), modern thinkers like him could maintain moral order without religious doctrine if they practiced the intellectual habits of "detachment, understanding, and disinterestedness." The educated and cultivated few who master this outlook deserve positions as an administrative elite, managing the growing productivity of industry and directing a powerful executive branch in the government. Perhaps even more pointed than the contrast with Bryan is the contrast with another 20th-century political commentator, James Burnham, who warned in *The Managerial Revolution* (1941) that the movement toward elitist control of the American economy was "in the same *direction* as Stalinism and Nazism" and who argued in *Congress and the American Tradition* that the ascendency of the executive branch posed a threat to American freedom.

To his credit, Lippmann became increasingly skeptical of the planned society in his later years, as he moved toward a secularized appreciation for natural law and historical traditions. America might have avoided a great deal of suffering if more of us had listened to Lippmann's criticisms of Wilsonian idealism after World War I and to his analysis of Cold War "containment" after World War II. But to the end there remained a fatal abstractness in Lippmann's work, a disturbing aloofness from the interests of most Americans, whose political lives he was eager to direct. As wrong as the radical John Reed may have been about most matters, he never saw clearer than when he playfully satirized his Harvard classmate as a man "Who dreams a fragrant gorgeous infinite, / And then leaves all the color out of it—/ Who wants to make the human race, and me, / March to a geometric Q.E.D."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that comes of intricate ritual faultlessly performed": *ritual is a tool, nothing more or less, which helps us to DO holy things even though we can't BE holy.* Liturgical predictability takes the intellect out of worship—and with it the ego—and lets us participate even if we don't particularly "feel like it." Is ritual in worship, like ritual in craftsmanship, a lost art, to be tolerated smugly but not encouraged?

I don't know. Our children are laboratory rats in this experiment, as they are in all experiments where a monolith of tradition is intentionally chiseled away in an artificially short period of time by those with ulterior motives —usually a latent atheism—as the rest of us let them. Perhaps the old way of worship lasted so many centuries precisely because it *was* the most natural, the most helpful to us in our lives, and our children will go home to it like the prodigal son to his father. But the more I consider, the more I understand that we have only one *right* in this life. It is not the "right" to ride in the front of the bus, or to not go hungry. It is not the "right" to privacy or to bear firearms or to worship as we please. God gives us none of those "rights," and what man gives, man can take away. The only right *God* gives us is *truly* inalienable: the right to glorify Him. That is why He made us and the Sabbath, and why *we* used to make cathedrals. And this solitary right of ours is the very one we're not teaching our children these days.

Jane Greer edits Plains Poetry Journal.

Letter From New York

by Stephen Kogan

The Unseen Caravaggio

I went to the Caravaggio exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on a rainy Tuesday morning, hoping to avoid the crowds that gather at big-name art events these days. The streets were fairly empty, and I could feel the temperature drop along the line of fountains as I passed—a cozy moment before moving from nature into art. I remembered the dingy comfort of the museum when it was like a library or an old-fashioned bookstore—a perfect place for browsing and meditation —and I recalled my trip to London last January, where I spent a quiet day at the Royal Academy's exhibit of Venetian art, one of the most beautifully presented shows that I have ever seen.

I canceled out these reveries when I saw the ticket line for "Caravaggio and His Contemporaries." I was a veteran of several crowd-control experiences, including the last Van Gogh exhibit at the Met, and I could feel that slight edge of tension rise in me again to compete for space in order to see the present work. Unfortunately, I did not see the Caravaggios as much as I saw the entire event itself, which was as far from Caravaggio as I ever want to see again.

I say this because art was the last thing that I experienced at the show. I do not exaggerate when I say that the noise in the first room of Caravaggio's contemporaries was at a low-level din by 11:30. There were two men next to me talking about their wrist ailments, several women on my left discussing what they would have for lunch, couples exchanging the high points of their trip to New York, babies crying, everyone talking as if they were, in fact, on the street or in their living rooms, the noise of a crowd that might have been just as happy with tickets to a hockey game or midtown movie. Self-restraint, civility, and a general sense of caring and decorum were hopelessly missing from that scene, like an art form or a way of life that once was common knowledge and has now become a secret.

I hate these "blockbuster" exhibitions and the corporate style of the new rooms at the Metropolitan, with their walls of glass and designer partitions, the bookshops selling stationery and vases and bracelets, the mounds of catalogs waiting to be sold in volume sales. I hate the overdone floral arrangements on the main floor and the guards who ask to see my admissions button every time I pass from one entrance to another; and I still remember the ticket attendant who said, "Enjoy the show" at the Van Gogh exhibition, as if I were going to a movie. The crowning touch to this unfeeling scene is the modern managing and marketing of art in today's "heady art market," as a recent *New York Times* article described the current trade. It is the type of scene in which critics exaggerate "world class" names and trivialize them at the same time; where Frank Stella can talk about a European master as if Caravaggio somehow led to him; where the great moment of the Renaissance passing into the Baroque is reduced to a question of "space," as if art were the same as interior decorating.

We seem to flee from history and subject matter, from everything that once was understood as spiritual authenticity in art: the necessary connection between feelings and ideas. Yet that is where we are today, or better still, who we are today, not only with a Caravaggio or a Van Gogh, but with a Mozart, whom we regard as he was portrayed in *Amadeus*, as a babbling idiot, a narcissistic child surrounded by a world of less-gifted idiots and craven jealousies, anything but the intelligent master of a discipline that he was, moving in an equally intelligent world of musical culture. For we seem to feel so bad about ourselves, so empty and devoid of values that we need to tear down all that we can no longer respect in simple modesty and to which we no longer have any pretense of aspiration.

Stephen Kogan teaches at the Borough of Manhattan Community College.

Letter From the Lower Right

by John Shelton Reed

A Mississippi Homecoming

Chauvinistic Southerners like me are hard to please. We don't like it when visitors pop in and out and say that the South has changed so much that it looks like everywhere else; but we don't like it when folks come calling and say that nothing important has changed, either. In a recent article in *The American Spectator*, an expatriate Mississippian named James Harkness did just that. He really should know better.

Harkness grew up in Greenwood,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but now he lives in upstate New York. He clearly wants us to recognize that he's come a long way from his Mississippi roots, and, for better or for worse, he obviously has. But origins will tell —he writes like an angel. I just wish I agreed with more of what he has to say.

Harkness went back to his hometown for a visit and was apparently ticked off to discover that Mississippi is not an equitable, color-blind society. Like (one might ask) where? He does not vouchsafe to us what part of the U.S. he would have Greenwood emulate, and I doubt very much that he could be pleased by the white attitudes to be found in any American town with a significant black presence (much less any, like Greenwood, with a substantial black majority).

Now I've never been to Greenwood. I've never done more than briefly visit the Deep South. Maybe Harkness is right and things in the Mississippi Delta are pretty much what they always have been. Maybe race relations and conditions for blacks are better in upstate New York or in Chicago or Detroit or the other cities to which black Mississippians have historically migrated. Maybe so.

But you wouldn't know to read his articles that for the past decade and a half more blacks have been moving to the South (in most cases, probably, returning there) than have been leaving it. You wouldn't know from his article that the South is the only part of the country where the percentage of black families living in poverty has decreased in the past few years, or that that percentage is lower now than in the Midwest. You wouldn't know that Mississippi now has more black elected officials than any other state in the country, or that a higher proportion of blacks hold public office in the South than in any other region. You wouldn't know that an increasing number of Southern politicians, black and white, have been elected by biracial coalitions. You wouldn't know that a majority of Southern whites now tell the Gallup Poll that they'd vote for a black for President. (OK, so some of them are lying, but what they think they *ought* to say is important, too.)

No, the South isn't a color-blind society. What some of us hope it is becoming is a working and relatively decent biracial society—a rather different thing. (If it can be done, it will be no small accomplishment: I remember a college political science course that held up as examples of successful multiethnic societies Switzerland and . . . Lebanon.) Not all whites share that goal. Not all are happy about the prospect. But a good many of us are. Harkness has little use for what he calls the "old, humorous, relentlessly superficial affability" of my region, but I suggest that it's close kin to the quality known elsewhere as civility, and that it will get us through this if anything can.

I'm not one of those who feels that Southern whites are uniquely fitted to instruct the world on race relations. Harkness makes fun of those who see something of value in the South's unhappy history on this score, and he may be right to do so. But for whatever reason—luck has something to do with it, and so do the goodwill and political skills of black Southerners —things are looking up in those parts of the South that I know best. And they may even be looking up in Greenwood.

There's no evidence in his article that Harkness talked to any blacks at all during his short visit, much less to any who had come back from the cities of the upper Midwest. On his next visit, he might try that. He could ask them whether *they* think anything of importance has changed.

It's OK to talk to black folks now, James. They'll even tell you what they think. And maybe that's the most important change of all.

John Shelton Reed's latest book, Southern Folk, Plain and Fancy, *will be published this fall by the University of Georgia Press.*

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On 'Conspiracies Against the Nation'

Thomas Fleming's broad-brushed editorial "Conspiracies Against the Nation" (*Chronicles*, April '86) has led me to conclude that Mr. Fleming's own political philosophy lies precariously close to the extremism of libertarianism (one of many "extremisms" he cautions against), insofar as he seems unwilling to grant any legitimate government intervention into the private lives of individuals.

Mr. Fleming's fear of conservative statism is misplaced as he warns against the dangers of "Baby Doe Squads," whose only purpose is to protect newborns from being denied life-saving medical treatment. Parental privacy, and all claims to a "right of privacy," do not legitimize the willful taking of an innocent life for whatever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reason.

While there is much to be said concerning the dangers of employing statist measures to achieve ideological ends, either from the right or from the left, it is a grave distortion to equate the protection of newborns with efforts to institutionalize school prayers and anti-gun control legislation.

In his quest of "the government that governs least," Mr. Fleming denies the government of possibly its one legitimate role—the recognition and protection of the inalienable rights of its citizenry. Conversely, the government's continued complacency in its protection of these God-given rights, as furthered by judicial activism and the acceptance of a thinly veiled quality of life ethic (see "Therefore Choose Death," *Commentary*, April '86), has pushed the government closer to illegitimacy as originally defined by its founders.

I agree with Mr. Fleming that "the government that governs best governs least." However, I would also add that the government that fails to recognize the inherent rights of the least of those it governs is the government that most quickly enslaves.

—Sean Robert Gerety
New Fairfield, Connecticut

The Editor Replies:

I have been called many things before, but never a libertarian. Mr. Gerety's letter is representative of several we received in response to the April "Perspective." None of them addressed my argument. I regard abortion as murder —that is an ethical statement. I fully support draconian abortion laws at the appropriate level, but I am suspicious of any Federal law on locally committed crimes—that is a political statement. While ethics and politics are intimately linked, they are not the same. The state exists to encourage virtue but not to coerce it—or so St. Thomas argued.

Mr. Gerety, in defending the government's role, employs the typically libertarian language of rights. What these rights are or where they come from, I haven't a clue. Conservative moralists used to write of natural law and the duties that derive from it. But natural rights is something else: It is the sour wine our fathers drank as a medicine against royal absolutism. By now our teeth have been set on edge by tyrannical courts that claim to act *always* in defense of those rights, including the right of women to control their own bodies.

Conservatives used to believe that big government was the source of many of our woes. Nothing better illustrates the perils of statism so well as the Supreme Court's illegitimate decision to legitimize abortion. The most sensible first step is to undo that great wrong before entrusting still more power to a government that gives little evidence of prudence or restraint. If we fail in reconstructing the authority of local communities, we may well find ourselves turning to Caesar in a desperate attempt to restore order. It is not a cheering prospect after only 200 years of republican government.

On 'Naming the Bard'

In light of your criticisms of education, higher and lower, the question arises, why should *Chronicles* writer Jane Greer (February issue) and Joseph Sobran of the *National Review* be taken in by the anti-Shakespearean nonsense? Are they untaught? Badly taught? Or are their views a relatively harmless manifestation of the paranoia of the times?

Once someone allows the thought to take root that Shakespeare was someone else, he has stepped into an abyss of unreason, and there can be no argument because there is nothing to argue about. Shakespeare's identity is axiomatic. To dispute it is as weird as to dispute the heliocentricity of the solar system *after* observation proved it in (I think) 1838. And that would be very weird. If one rules out the evidential equivalent of instrumentation—life-records, title–pages, contemporary references, and so on—then one is in no position to say anything about anyone at all, including the Earl of Oxford.

But we must never forget that we live in a country where the majority of people have no grasp of the maneuver called proof and believe all kinds of nonsense—which brings us back to the educational system.

Two observations. As far as I know, the combined Baconians, Oxfordians, Derbyites, &c. have not contributed anything to the corpus of Shakespearean scholarship except rubbish. What they have done is mislead uninstructed people who believe what they read in books. This puts them in quite a different category from the astrologers, alchemists, neo-Platonists, &c. whose work has fallen into disrepute but whose contribution to our ways of thinking and knowing is immense. The anti-Shakespeareans are merely destructive, and belong in the freak department of the library. Second, what is your magazine doing joining ranks with freaks? It's no use advocating ancient tradition on one page and knocking it down on the next. Ill-disposed as children are to read poetry these days, I do not suppose they will be much encouraged by the knowledge that the great Shakespeare himself was a fraud on both sides of the mask. As you say elsewhere in the magazine, children have good sense in matters like that.

—F.W. Brownlow
Mount Holyoke College

Ms. Greer Replies:

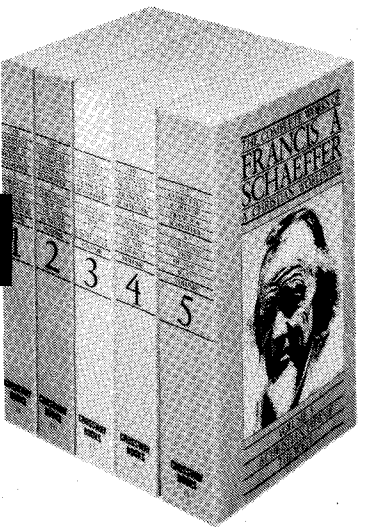
Mr. Brownlow is not looking for a response or dialogue; he is, in fact, doing what he can to discourage it. He obviously hasn't read Charlton Ogburn's book and doesn't intend to, but even at such a remove from the *really* terrifying material therein, he is frightened enough to throw scholarship out the window and wage a purely *ad hominem* attack on those of us who are fascinated by the very large body of facts pointing to Edward de Vere as Shakespeare.

When a staunch Stratfordian takes it upon himself to refute Ogburn's book point by point (and there are hundreds of points), I will be delighted and very much interested, and feel safe in saying that Charlton Ogburn will be, too. This is, after all, supposed to be *fun*, a quest of love; there is no "loser," and every literature-lover will be a winner no matter what the truth is found to be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most influential conservative Protestant writer of our era — now collected in this monumental set

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANCIS A. SCHAEFFER



Save $40! Yours for only $9.95

NOT a reprint — all 22 volumes revised and updated

Who is the most important Evangelical writer of our time? If a poll could be taken among Evangelicals the world over, the name of Francis A. Schaeffer would probably lead all the rest. By far.

The liberals pretend that a few TV preachers are causing the resurgence of conservative Protestantism. But it goes far, far deeper, and much of the credit belongs to Francis Schaeffer. He is bringing thoughtful conservative Protestants 1) back to their roots and 2) right smack into the mainstream.

How to formulate a world view that is both Christian and conservative

Schaeffer ranges from epistemology to spirituality to the arts

VOLUME 1: *A Christian View of Philosophy and Culture*

How Christianity relates to philosophy. . .to culture. Roots of the "God is dead" mentality. How to make the Christian faith live and flourish under modern conditions. Includes these four books, complete and updated:

The God Who Is There ★ Escape from Reason ★ He Is There and He Is Not Silent ★ Back to Freedom and Dignity

VOLUME 2: *A Christian View of the Bible as Truth*

Is the Bible true? How and why it is truth. When does the Bible touch on science? How to integrate Genesis with theological and scientific thought. How Bible truth should relate to Bible study — and to the Christian world view. Includes these five books, complete and updated:

Genesis in Space and Time ★ No Final Conflict ★ Joshua and the Flow of Biblical History ★ Basic Bible Studies ★ Art and the Bible

VOLUME 3: *A Christian View of Spirituality*

How to relate biblical reality to the nitty-gritty of everyday life. Includes these four books, complete and updated:

No Little People ★ True Spirituality ★ The New Super-Spirituality ★ Two Contents, Two Realities

VOLUME 4: *A Christian View of the Church*

Why Western culture is dying. Is the church dying too? How the church can survive and grow in our time. Ways of giving Christian witness today, in deed and word. How the church can cope with ecological problems and population growth. Includes these five books, complete and updated:

The Church at the End of the Twentieth Century ★ The Church before the Watching World ★ The Mark of the Christian ★ Death in the City ★ The Great Evangelical Disaster

VOLUME 5: *A Christian View of the West*

The rise of Western culture — and the seeds of decay. What Christians must do. Coming: the death of freedom and the rise of an authoritarian elite? Abortion, euthanasia, pollution: Christian responses. Includes these four books, complete and updated:

Pollution and the Death of Man ★ How Should We Then Live? ★ Whatever Happened to the Human Race? ★ A Christian Manifesto

How to get this $49.95 set for ONLY $9.95

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates. Books on current issues, religion, economics, Communism, politics, etc. — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 4 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-95% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 OAKLAND AVENUE • HARRISON, N.Y. 10528

I enclose $9.95. Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, at no additional cost, the 5-volume $49.95 quality paperback set of THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRANCIS A. SCHAEFFER. I agree to buy 4 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 2 years. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

ccul – 13

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* ____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED